MRS CHARLOTTE SUTTON

Missionary to India

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. CHARLOTTE SUTTON,

A MISSIONARY TO ORISSA,

ORIGINALLY COMPILED BY REV. J. G. PIKE, NOW REVISED AND ENLARGED BY HER HUSBAND.

"Bright, early, transient,
Chaste as morning dew, she sparkled—
Was exhaled—and went to heaven."

BOSTON:
GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN,
59, Washington Street.
1835.

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PREFACE.

The writer of this edition of the Memoirs of his late beloved wife, is not without apprehension, that it may, by some persons, be thought that we have already a redundancy of biographical works. His answer is, that while he hopes the work may be generally useful, there is a considerable class of Christians in America, with whom he has some influence, that are very little acquainted with books of this description; added to which, he is afraid that he shall neglect his duty to the lovely object of this Memoir, if he misimproves this opportunity of making her virtues known. He has long contemplated publishing a brief memoir of her history, but feelings of delicacy have hitherto prevented him. He has been accustomed to regard her with feelings of chastened awe, as a choice specimen of that divine beauty to which Christian influence is

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capable of elevating the fallen children of men. He does not, however, suppose that strangers to her can ever entertain those feelings towards her, which one united to her in the endearing relationship of husband, must possess. But he trusts that such a glimpse of her character may be seen through these brief fragments of her history, as may serve to endear the cause of Christ, and stimulate the reader to seek after that piety which in her, shone with such sacred splendor.

Although she was spared to the writer for so brief a period, and her early removal blighted the spring and prospects of his early life, yet he has never ceased to feel grateful to God for his permission to enjoy her society, even for so short a time. Nothing he has ever met with, has so deeply convinced his mind of the reality and divinity of our blessed religion, as its influence in forming the character of Charlotte Sutton. If such could be one of its lowly followers, what must its divine Author have been?

While the writer was collecting materials for this memoir, in far distant India, the Rev. J. G. Pike, author of Persuasives to Early Piety, &c., with whom she was intimately acquainted, prepared, for the periodical connected with the English General Baptists, the substance of the following account, which has since been republished and extensively circulated in England. Since the writer's sojourn in this country, the fact above alluded to has seemed

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to call for a revised and somewhat enlarged edition of the work. These additions chiefly consist of letters, some particulars of her life, extracted from her private diary, not known to Mr. P., and some notices more especially referring to the time of the writer's union with her, interspersed with reflections which are inserted by especial request.

This little book is commended to the careful perusal of the young, especially of youthful females, with an earnest prayer that it may foster those virtues, and cherish those graces in their hearts and lives, which so eminently adorned Charlotte Sutton.

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MEMOIR, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Remarks—Early Life of Mrs. Sutton—Address to Youth—Her Conversion—Baptism—Correspondence until the close of 1821.

Few truths are felt more impressively by a thoughtful and pensive mind, than the declaration, that "the fashion of this world passeth away." Its scenes of public agitation and excitement soon close, and the busy actors vanish. To the calmer scenes of domestic life, the same solemn assertion applies. We visit places, endeared to our best feelings by the recollection of those who once dwelt there, but they are gone. The spring still blooms as fair, the flowers are as sweet, the fields as green, the air as balmy, the sun as bright, as in departed years; but they who

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once enjoyed these pleasing scenes, have done with sun, and fields, and flowers, and blooming spring, and dreary winter. We visit the house of prayer, hallowed by the remembrance of holy delights enjoyed within its walls in former years; but the crowd that then glowed with sacred love, has dispersed; many voices that sung the Saviour's praise, are silent in death; many a countenance often recognized with pleasure, is now beheld no more. Our departed friends have furnished impressive proofs of the truth of the solemn sentiment to which our departure will soon add further confirmation. "The fashion of this world passeth away."

With views of this description, the Christian, however, delightfully mingles the cheering persuasion that they who have died i Jesus, rest in heaven. This confidence communicates to a pious mind, holy and exalted pleasure, when tracing the records of departed piety. It is true, the voice that sang the Saviour's praise is no more heard on earth, but the now happy conqueror, "in a nobler, sweeter song," extols his power to save. The blooming flower of youth has withered, the "human face divine" has gathered blackness,

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and is blasted by the touch of death; but the immortal spirit now shines in the presence of God; bright with the glory, and lovely with the beauty of heaven. The house of prayer has lost its frequent and delighted visitants; but they have entered a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"They hear the new and everlasting song,
In the blest kingdom meek of joy and love.
There entertain them all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from their eyes."

With that happy number, there is every reason to believe that the pious subject of the following brief memoir now abides. The information collected in this memoir is chiefly derived from her diary, and from her letters, evidently written in the confidence of friendship, and doubtless without the least expectation that part of them would subsequently appear before the eye of the public.

Mrs. Charlotte Sutton was the oldest daughter of Mr. James Collins, of Wolvey, Warwickshire, England. She was born at Smockington, near Hinckley, Feb. 1, 1801. We have nothing of peculiar interest to record of

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her earlier years. From her childhood, she possessed an unusually cheerful, engaging, and affectionate disposition. To her parents she was loving, dutiful, and kind; submissive to their instructions, and often a comforter in times of trial. Her father, after her death, observed that when under afflictive circumstances, he especially felt her loss; as consolation administered by her had enabled him to bear many burdens with more patience than he otherwise should have done. As a sister and a friend, she was truly amiable and affectionate. Living as she did, in a retired village, her opportunities for literary acquirements were much more limited than she desired, but she lost no opportunity of improving to the utmost the advantages within her power. She was fond of reading; and, possessing naturally considerable strength of mind, her intellectual attainments were of a very respectable character.

Her parents were both professors of religion, and members of the G. Baptist church at Wolvey, where she, of course, had an opportunity of attending with them, and thus, from a child, was made acquainted with the way of salvation. She has often mentioned

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to the writer, that she was early the subject of serious impressions, but that her natural gaiety of disposition led her to trifle with those gracious influences which were operating on her mind, and to put off seeking religion in earnest, until some more convenient season.

Her first convictions of sin appear to have been made by learning and repeating Dr. Watts' excellent hymns for children. The one commencing

> "Almighty God, thy piercing eye
> Searches all nature through," &c.

appears to have been especially useful to her. For several years, however, she seems to have shaken off all serious feelings, and plunged into the midst of the vanities and follies of the pleasure-loving world. During this period of her life, she was unusually exposed to company, where her handsome person and vivacity of disposition often proved a snare to her. It was while travelling over this treacherous ground, that her attention to the important concerns of her soul was excited by a sermon on the "Barren Fig Tree." From this time, until her decided conversion, she appears to have alternated betwixt the world and Christ; now the subject of pungent

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conviction, and now losing her serious impressions, by a sinful indulgence in the vanities of the world.

In a letter to a friend, written in 1823, she thus refers to her early experience:—

"You say that you were getting rather serious before you came into Warwickshire, and that afterwards you became thoughtless and trifling, but that you now see religion in a new light. Does not this, my dear friend, teach you, has it not taught you, the fallacy of making resolutions in your own strength? I trust it has, and hope that the new light in which you see religion, will discover unto you, that without Christ, you can do nothing, but that through him you can do all things. Perhaps no one has been taught the inefficacy of self-sufficiency more effectually by experience, than myself; for long, very long, did I resolve and re-resolve, but still my resolutions failed, and I still farther hurried into immorality and vice, till, by the grace of God, every false refuge was taken away, and thus was the way prepared for the grateful reception of salvation by grace. But this grace, my dear friend, which brings salvation, teaches us, that, denying ungodliness and

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worldly lusts, we must live soberly, righteously and godly in this present evil world; and, unless it produces such fruit, we have no reason to believe that we possess it."

It is probable this little book may be read by many young persons, who are in the state of mind referred to in Charlotte Sutton's history. Allow me, then, my dear young friends, to press upon you the importance of decision. You may easily perceive how dangerous was the situation of the beloved object of this memoir. How often has she expressed her devout thankfulness to God, that he did not here abandon her to her folly, or cut her down as a cumberer of the ground. Circumstanced as she was, it is wonderful that she did not form some worldly connexion which would have prevented all her future usefulness, and perhaps have occasioned the eternal ruin of her soul. But while you see, in her case, how critical is indecision on the great subjects of religion in early life, do not forget to apply this momentous consideration to yourself. O do not trifle with religion. Do not grieve God's Holy Spirit, by stifling serious impressions. Listen to the kind inviting voice of your heavenly Benefactor,—"Wilt thou not, from

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this time cry unto me, My Father thou art the guide of my youth?" How interesting is the attitude which the great God assumes towards you. He is willing to be your best friend, your counsellor, your guide to present and eternal bliss. A bare permission to seek the counsel of some wise, experienced, benevolent friend, would be, by every judicious youth, esteemed a privilege. How much more should it be so esteemed when God invites you to seek his guidance.

> "He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
> Stoops to converse with you;
> And lays his radiant glories by,
> Your friendship to pursue."

Choose, then, my young friends, the blessed God as your portion now. Youth is the time when you especially need religion. It is your choosing time. You are setting out in life, and what you are in youth, you will probably be forever. Few, very few are converted after they have passed thirty years, compared with the number who are led to Christ before they are twenty. I beseech you, then, as you value your present and eternal welfare, to seek religion now.

While Charlotte Collins was thus treading

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the slippery paths of youth, she was happily thrown into the society of a pious aunt, a few years older than herself. To her kind instructions and affectionate solicitude, Charlotte was deeply indebted, and ever after retained for her the warmest friendship and liveliest gratitude. From the following letter, it appears that this estimable woman was the instrument employed by divine grace, in leading her to make that choice which fixed her happiness for time and for eternity. The conversion of Miss Collins was not one of those striking cases, which resemble the opening of the windows of the soul at the noontide of life, and letting in the full blaze of the Sun of Righteousness; but rather it might be compared to the gradual rising of the heavenly luminary in the morning, dispersing the shadows of night, and moving imperceptibly on to perfect day.

TO MRS. S.

"My dear aunt,

I am glad you was kind enough to manifest in your letter, a care for my soul, the want of which, on former occasions, has always caused a backwardness in me to speak on this

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subject to you in our epistolary correspondence, though I have often regretted the loss of that Christian communion which should have been held with you, in preference to any other person living. It was to your instructions, under the grace of God, that I was brought to a knowledge of the truth, or, at least, that caused first impressions, and such as, (blessed be God for it,) wore off, only to return with double force. But, by the grace of God, I am what I am. I must tell you that at this time, I am neither on the mount, nor yet in the valley; but though his face does not shine with that peculiar lustre into my soul, I can still say, 'He hath *loved me*, and given his life for me,' and he tells me, for my comfort, that *none shall pluck me out of his hand.* What a consolation is this, and how little do I deserve such gracious treatment: it is only because his compassions fail not, and because his mercies are new every morning: but, alas! I cannot always thus praise him, though he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. My own heart condemns me, and I know he is greater than my heart, and knoweth all things. Often hath he said, "I will heal thy backslidings and love thee freely,'

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Then, my soul saith, 'I will bless the Lord at all times;' whereas, when my prospects have been darkened by sin, my love has grown cold towards my Redeemer and my God, and that love which has no parallel in earth or heaven, has brought little or no gratitude for it."

In a hastily written note to the same valued friend, she also remarks,—

"We are all quite well—a blessing which demands our warmest gratitude; but, alas! we are more engaged for the world than for God. I can only stay to thank you for the many useful lessons I have received from you, and crave an interest in your prayers. I hope you will not forget to communicate that good to others, which you have bestowed on me; for who can tell but it may some day produce a good effect, though for a long time it may appear to be quite choked by the follies of youth."

It is reasonable to believe, that, when in eternity the triumphant followers of the Lamb retrace their course below, two days of their earthly existence will, beyond all others, appear deserving of being remembered with never-ending gratitude and joy—one, the day

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that brought them to their Saviour's feet, the other, the day when, while God looked on with approbation, and foolish men, perhaps, with scorn, they, in baptism, owned the Lord Jesus as their Redeemer, their Sovereign, and their God. In 1821, Charlotte Collins thus avowed the solemn transactions that had passed in private between God and her soul, and ratified the sacred surrender which she made of her interests and herself to the great Redeemer. The following letters, addressed to her most intimate youthful friend, refer to both these events, as well as to those interesting exercises which characterize the young convert:—

TO MISS E. G. OF ASHBY.

"*Feb.* 1, 1822.

"I am hastening on to tell you why I have begun this to-night, without a design to finish. It is this: to-day, I am twenty-one years of age. Your own mind will supply, in how many instances this era of a person's life is hailed with transporting joy; while in others, perhaps, it is forgotten, and the mercies

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which, till that time, have crowned our worthless lives, are

'Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And, without praises, &c.'

As it respects this world's good, it is true I have no more cause to rejoice this day than another; but when I look back on life, spent as mine has been, I am astonished at the sparing mercy of God. When I consider the length of years that I quenched his Holy Spirit, which has not ceased to strive with me from a child, and said, in my heart, 'I will not have this man to reign over me,' may I not justly say,—

'Why was I *made* to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room;
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?'

"O my E——, help me to praise so good a God; for how many millions of his creatures, more worthy than I, (if aught in creature worthy is,) have lacked those good things with which I have been hitherto so bountifully supplied! Yes, even those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious. O that this con-

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sideration might lead me afresh to consider the source of every temporal as well as spiritual mercy and favor! And, surely, while I remember, that almost, if not quite, nineteen years out of twenty-one have been spent voluntarily in the service of sin, I should be continually humbled before my God, and be always desirous of spending and being spent for Him and his cause. But alas! how few returns of love hath my Creator found!

"I thank you for the hint about the Home Mission: to human appearance, it is impossible to do any thing; but beginning this where I hope we begin every undertaking, at a throne of grace, who can tell? I rejoice to hear you inquire about the best things. I cannot say that I am seated so high on the mount of heavenly affection and zeal as I could wish, nor have I lost this body of sin and death. But blessed be God, I am not walking in darkness; no, his word and Spirit in some measure bear witness still; by grace I am enabled to view some faint resemblance between myself and a justified sinner through the Lord Jesus."

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TO THE SAME.

"March 5, 1821.

"I hope I do not undervalue the privilege of an epistolary correspondence with a Christian friend; but, to tell you the truth, I would rather enjoy oral communication with you; and I shall now feel much more confidence and pleasure in soliciting your company than when I should have invited you from a feast to a fast. O how I long for the time when we shall meet to part no more. I sometimes think, that our mi utes would glide more sweetly, and our spiritual enjoyments be increased, by a frequent meeting on earth. But, I may think again, we are liable to error in our judgment, and perhaps those moments, instead of being employed in assisting each other in our heavenly journey, would be spent in trifling and idle conversation. You talk of your heart, my E——; why I might suppose you had been drawing a picture of mine; I am sure you marked its very features. But though these hearts of ours are such, by nature, as often cause us to groan; yet how sweet are those moments in which we come with broken spirits before Him: no tears are so sweet as those of penitence and

gratitude. O may God, according to his loving kindness and tender mercy, grant we may ever come in such a manner as to receive his Spirit, to help our infirmities.

"I felt a pleasure in reading your kind prayer for me: my dear girl, do not forget me at a Throne of Grace: we know the righteous cry, and the Lord heareth; and though we have no righteousness of our own to boast of, we are made the righteousness of God in him (Christ); a privilege for which we can never be sufficiently thankful."

TO THE SAME.

"*June* 23, 1821.

You paint your own heart, my dear E——, in dark shades: I wish fairer colors would picture mine; but alas! alas! I may add to all yours, that out of it proceeds only evil, and that continually. I am sometimes afraid I am sinning, that grace may abound; but God forbid. Sometimes I tremble lest my faith should prove a dead faith, though at other times I am saying, Who shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus? Thus you see, I find a chequered path.

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"Accept my best thanks for your kind advice: be assured it was not only acceptable, but seasonable; for I do hope, ere long, to enjoy the privilege of Christian fellowship; though at times I have been ready to give up all thoughts of it, lest I should walk unworthily, or not hold out to the end; but when I hear Him say, He is a sun and a shield, I am ready to think, how can I stumble with such a light, or be conquered with such an armor?

With respect to the performance of the ordinance,* I do not feel intimidated, and I hope I shall never feel ashamed of that Gospel which alone is the power of God to salvation."

In a subsequent letter she writes to the same correspondent, "I had the felicity of joining the despised followers of the blessed Jesus, on Sunday last, August the 5th, 1821. I would engage, if possible, your prayers for me, that I may go *on* in the *strength of the Lord*."

The next letter was written by Miss Collins to her friend, Miss G., after being disappoint-

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* Bapt'

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ed in the enjoyment of a visit from the latter. It also refers to the exercises of her mind on the day of her baptism.

"*August* 22, 1821.

"My dear E.

"To say that I felt no disappointment, would be false, or that I could repress the flowing tear; such was my weakness. Well might Blair say,

'Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society.'

"Though I should think the author himself rarely realized more painfully his assertion than I did on that occasion which called it to mind.

"But, notwithstanding this trial, (for such I dare say we both considered it,) it may afford us consolation that we are not the foot-balls of blind fortune, though Solomon says, 'Time and chance happen to all men.' But be this as it may, blessed be God, we have one sure basis, and I trust I felt, in the midst of disappointment, a sweet satisfaction, that however these minor blessings may elude our grasp through life, still there is fulness of

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joy, and pleasure flows for ever more at God's right hand; and seeing he hath not spared his only begotten Son, may we not expect every other good?

"You ask me to pray for you, my dear. Alas, if we were not told to confess our faults one to another, and pray one for another, we should be ready to say, What good can this do? But I have thought this injunction was not in vain; for I sometimes feel more heart to pray for another than for myself. O wretched stupidity, awful depravity, that freezes our hearts and renders them so cold as to feel no spark of love glowing in them towards Him who hath loved us, and given himself to die for us,—*no desire* for those blessings which he alone can bestow, and without which we are miserable beyond description. But, tell me, my E., are you ever in such a frame as this? O may our good and gracious God preserve us from it, and give us hearts to pray always, without fainting. That day,—the day on which I had dwelt with peculiar pleasure previous to the time,—I began with sorrow of heart; the distressing forebodings of leaving and denying my Master, of being of the number who draw back

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unto perdition; and, most of all, of being left as was Hezekiah, to try all that was in my wicked heart,—almost overwhelmed me, until he kindly said, None shall pluck thee out of my hand, with many other similar promises. O precious truth! glorious promise! But not even this raised my enjoyment equal, either to my inestimable privilege, or to my anxious expectation."

One of the first effects of the Gospel on the heart, is to produce a tender anxiety for the eternal welfare of our friends, our relatives, and those by whom we are immediately surrounded. On a heart so affectionate as that of the subject of this little book, this effect was strikingly manifest. Miss Collins had two sisters nearly of her own age, and never perhaps were sisters more affectionately attached to each other. Living as they did so much together, we have not many written memorials of her efforts for their salvation; those efforts, however, were daily made by personal converse, and by fervent prayer. The following note written on occasion of some afflictive providence when on a visit is a specimen of her correspondence with them. Others will be hereafter inserted.

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"My very dear Sister,—This is indeed an untimely note, be not however alarmed either at its appearance or contents. All is well! for godliness (and this I hope by the grace of God, I have,) with contentment, is great gain, and has the promise of the life that now is, and of *that which is to come.* Come now my girl, and tell me what you want more than this? Why truly nothing, for it is only the uncertainty of an hereafter being spent in heaven or hell, that makes us miserable. What simpletons must we be then who live in continual agitation, for I am sure from past experience that there is no peace to the wicked.

I meet with many invitations, but I find that in mixing with the world, I am too apt to mix with the spirit of the world. I must go to see the Miss Hillyards; we have made out the kinship. It was observed the other day, they are singing girls, I dont know whether they are praying girls, and I know where there is a reading girl, I wish I knew that she was a praying girl. O my dear Sally, why will you so *lightly esteem* that dear Redeemer who shed his blood, for you. Only behold him now waiting to receive you. He

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stands with open arms. Angels would rejoice—the saints on earth too would esteem it an inestimable privilege to own you their sister, friend, and fellow-traveller—but to tell you the joy it would create in my heart is impossible. You know that I love you very dearly, and my dear, I long to take you by the hand, to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, here below—that we may never be separated.

Yours affectionately,

C. COLLINS."

We shall conclude this first chapter of the memoir, and the first year of Charlotte Collins' visible connection with the flock of Christ, with extracts from two letters written to an aged Christian pilgrim. They will exhibit her restless anxiety to walk as becometh the Gospel, and to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

TO MRS. D. OF COVENTRY.

"*October* 11, 1821.

"When I last (and first.) had the pleasure of perusing a letter from you, I flattered myself that I should enjoy a continued correspondence with one for whom I felt no com-

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mon regard; and whose kindness and anxiety for my spiritual welfare increased this flattering expectation. But alas! although I have earnestly requested it, I have hitherto been disappointed. Perhaps you will be ready to say, I need not wish to trouble you; that I have my directory, and to that I must look. But you will remember, my dear friend, the testimony and directions of a traveller, who, for years has been steering his course by this directory, will undoubtedly cast a light upon the path. And sometimes when the cloud of unbelief, or the blacker cloud of conscious guilt, intercepts our light from the Sun of Righteousness, a friendly traveller may inform us whether this dismal road (which I sometimes think untrodden by the *real Christian,*) can lead us into the presence of the Most Holy God. I know that the Lord Jesus Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every believer; and blessed be God, I can sometimes rejoice in this assertion. How wonderfully are his precious promises adapted to every part of our experience. When we find our strength great in the Lord, we, with confidence, look forward, and anticipate his gracious requirements, feeling conscious of

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our acceptance with him. But when, on the contrary, we view those gracious requirements, and feel no strength equal to their performance, how often does *a finished, a complete* salvation present itself, or some good promise, which enables us to bear up under these infirmities, and directs us to wait on the Lord, that our strength may be renewed.

"Do pray for me, my dear Mrs. D—, that my conduct may ever be such as shall adorn the doctrine of God, my Saviour, in *all things*. I feel that I am, a poor imperfect creature, and without the promised strength of Him who has overcome the world, and who can and will impart strength for us to overcome it also: what must I do? where could I flee? Thus you see a gracious Saviour obviates this difficulty. But then here is a greater. I doubt I shall one day or another forget to seek this promised aid."

TO THE SAME.

"My dear Mrs. D. Since I first had the pleasure of seeing *you*, but little *time* has elapsed in which you have had no share in my thoughts, and though I am sensible that with *you* the short fatigue of life will soon be ended, and that its tempestuous

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winds will only serve to waft your soul to its Redeemer, yet experience and your kind communication teach me that whatever has a tendency to raise our grovelling hearts from earth to heaven—to give us a higher tone of religious feeling, will ever be acceptable and necessary while treading this chequered path. This conviction leads me to offer for your perusal the little book sent herewith, and may the God of heaven grant you a *peculiar nearness* to him, that when death in his grim terrors shall appear, *you may know in whom you have believed*, and find that you are more than a conqueror through him that has loved you.

"My time will not admit of my saying much, and I well know that you have tried a faithful God too long to distrust, or I should say, 'he is faithful who hath promised.' It is a wintry season of the year, but blessed be God, it has not been a winter with my soul. I trust all is still well though so unworthy as I am. You cannot conceive how visible the hand of the Lord has been in his dealings with me, and I do think not a person in the world has such cause for gratitude—if it were possible, I would tell you, and I am sure you would be well convinced that he, 'careth for ,' and that he will (if we commit our ways

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unto him,) condescend to direct our path.' But shall I say it has been a smooth path that has taught me this blessed truth, no, it has been (to my weakness,) a path of trials, and I can now adopt *every word* of the poet when he says;

'Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.'

Thus we see all things shall work together for good to them that love God. That we may be found of that number, and at length be numbered with the Morning Stars of heaven, is the prayer of

Yours affectionately, in our Redeemer.

CHARLOTTE COLLINS."

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CHAPTER II.

Her cheerful and active Piety—Missionary Spirit—Correspondence and Extracts from her Diary during the year 1822.

No sooner had Charlotte Collins experienced the saving efficacy of the Saviour's grace, than she appeared at once and forever to adopt as the great governing principle of her life, that henceforth she should live, not unto herself, but unto HIM who died for her and rose again. Cheerfulness and activity were eminently the leading traits in her piety.

Religion was, in her, far from being accompanied with any of that formality of demeanor, or forbidding reserve, which too much characterizes some Christian females. Her natural temperature was cheerfulness.

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The rosy hue of health bloomed on her cheek, good nature sparkled in her eye, and animated her whole countenance; while her frankness of disposition and readiness to oblige, accompanied by the plastic influence of divine grace, rendered her a lovely specimen of youthful piety. Charlotte was not merely a welcome guest, but a favorite in every Christian family that she visited. Nor were these advantages lost upon her. Accustomed as she was to regard genuine piety as of supreme importance, she estimated the conduct and pursuits of men by their influence on eternity. Whenever she saw any thing inconsistent with this one thing needful, she seldom failed to speak a word in season. If circumstances threw her into the company of females, whether acquainted or not, she would watch, with the eyes of Argus, for the best opportunity of introducing religion. If conversation took an unprofitable turn, she would commonly propose some question that might direct it into another channel. If the ties of relationship or acquaintance sanctioned a correspondence, she usually advanced some cogent arguments to excite serious consideration. These, it must be admitted,

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are very rare qualifications, but which the subject of this memoir possessed in a degree which has often been noticed with admiration. In one instance, at least, her affectionate remonstrances, and pious solicitude, were blessed to the recovery of a near relation from the destructive follies of youth, and of leading him to a serious regard to religion. And although she experienced the sorrow of losing him at the early age of seventeen, yet she had the happiness of knowing that he died in the Lord.

But, perhaps the principal advantage resulting from her urbanity of manners, was the ready access it gave her to the cottages of the poor. Here she shone with peculiar excellence. It was to her at once a dutiful and delightful employment, and she was well qualified to engage in it. Few, if any, are the cottages, within the neighborhood of Wolvey, that Charlotte has not visited, either to converse with its inmates on religion, to distribute her books, or to administer to their necessities. And, it may be added, few are those, whether old or young, who will not cherish with affection the memory of her name. A most interesting proof of the general

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regard which was entertained for her, was exhibited by the universal solicitude felt when it was first rumored that Charlotte Collins would probably become the wife of a Missionary to India. And when, a few months ago, the writer revisited her native village, after an absence of more than ten years, he found her memory as fragrant as though she had left it but yesterday, nor was her name often mentioned without being accompanied by a blessing and a tear.

There are many professors of religion, whose whole spiritual energies are exhausted upon themselves: they spend their days in watching the emotions of their own hearts, or in luxuriating in a kind of sickly sentimental reverie. Their piety seems to be of little benefit to a world perishing in sin and misery around them. Either from some perverted notions of religion, or from some sinful modesty and distrust of themselves, they never actively engage in the glorious course of benevolence, to which the Gospel invites them. Miss Collins was very far from belonging to this class. A knowledge of the existence of ignorance and misery, was enough to awaken her tenderest feelings, and

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call forth all the energies of her sympathizing soul. Though situated in a small, obscure, and generally very poor village, and her time much engrossed with domestic employments, she found opportunity for the exercise of her benevolence, to a very considerable extent.

One of her first and most interesting empolyments was in the Sabbath school. Her heart seemed to be bound up in the welfare of her little charge. How diligently and successfully she labored to promote its interests, her companions in this good work, and her esteemed pastor, could gratefully testify. By her exertions, chiefly, a book society was established for the benefit of her ignorant neighbors, and for the members of the church. She was a warm advocate of the Bible and Tract societies. Not a visitor or passing stranger escaped her, when she had an opportunity of distributing her tracts or books. If soldiers or other travellers were passing through the village, she would levy her contributions on her friends and neighbors all round the country, to supply them with some religious tracts or pamphlets. Many a sick bed has witnessed her pious

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efforts, both for body and soul; and, for her assistance in this labor of love, she kept a private fund out of her little income. I find, too, from her correspondence, that she was invited to become the almoner of the bounty of others in this benevolent undertaking.

But it was in missionary exertions, if possible, more than in any thing else, that she seemed to live. Her prayers, her hopes, her labors, all seemed to centre here. She seemed to drink in the missionary spirit in her conversion. Every missionary publication, within her reach, she read with avidity; every missionary service within her neighborhood was, if possible, attended by her, and shared in her prayers and her purse; while every opportunity, at home and abroad, was embraced with eagerness, to recommend her favorite object. She obtained, from the Secretary of the Missionary Society to which she belonged, and from other sources, papers and publications, which she distributed, in order to increase the missionary flame. She also became one of the first collectors of its funds. Many of her esteemed fellow-laborers in this holy cause may have furnished larger sums to the treasury of the society,

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but perhaps no one, under such discouraging circumstances, and with so little leisure, has done more for its interests than Charlotte Collins.

The following extracts from some of her letters, will show that, some time before she had actually joined the Christian church, she commenced her efforts to advance the Redeemer's kingdom; and that she was not content to labor alone, but employed her influence to enlist others in the sacred cause.

TO MISS E. P.

"*Aug.* 16, 1820.

"I have had an opportunity of visiting an old friend, from whom I have obtained a variety of tracts; and, among them, is an 'Address to Christian Females.' Now, a little commendation, and especially among ladies, goes a long way. Perhaps a few of them distributed among my neighbors, might influence them to be more active. On Monday, I went to Warrenhouse, hoping to find Mr. P——, which, had I been so fortunate, would have saved Mr. G—— the trouble of writing. But, in so good a cause, why should I say *trouble*? However, I will promise him

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one thing; that is, he shall not work without being paid for it: Jesus Christ will pay for ALL."

TO THE SAME.

"*Sept.* 17, 1820.

"I have received, unexpectedly, from Barton, upwards of two dozen quarterly missionary papers, with a number of those you mentioned; all of which will be fewer than I could distribute. I do not say that I have more subscribers than these would serve, but we do not want to prevail on those who are already willing. I, with you, consider this employ an honorable one indeed, and only wish that *collectors* and *subscribers* would all be actuated by sincere love to Christ, and an earnest desire to enlarge his kingdom. May this, my dear E., ever be our motive; and, the more we find of his love to us, (and O may this knowledge increase daily) the more desirous let us be of doing something for him. I think we shall not easily forget those engaged as missionaries at a throne of grace. When we remember that it increases our spiritual communion with God, and you know how to prize that, O how should this inspire

our hearts with gratitude! 'While an earthly king would disdain to familiarize himself with his most loyal subjects, the King of kings deigns to hold fellowship with rebels; for such we were once, and I often think I am little better now; though I trust I would not willingly live in open hostility to my God and Saviour. But, could you look into my heart all the hours of the day, I am afraid you would too often find the vanities of the present world, and all the follies of time, occupying a great share; and, seeing the Searcher of hearts knoweth all these things, we may justly wonder how he who cannot look upon sin, but with the greatest abhorrence, can grant his Holy Spirit to those who ask it, were we not assured that we are made the righteousness of God in Christ.

While many cavil at the word *impute*, it may suffice us to know, that whether we have wisdom or righteousness, sanctification or redemption, it all flows to us through the death and merits of our blessed Redeemer; and I know you will join with me in singing grace! grace! and 'to him that hath washed us in his own blood, be all the glory.'

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The people at W—— I hope will be more united, I mean the church. Mr. Greene gave them a pretty round lesson, and made a cap, that so exactly fitted your poor friend, that she was obliged to wear it, as one sent by a friend that knew her better than he did."

"*Holcot Mill, Dec.* 7, 1820.

"Dear and honored Parents,

"I fully purposed writing last week, but a slight indisposition prevented. Colds, I think, have received a commission to overtake me successively; for I have scarcely been free from one since my arrival in Northamptonshire.

I think I may tell you now, that I have nearly completed my round, but not quite; so cannot say positively when you may expect me; but, if I should not be at home to dine with you *this* Christmas, I am pretty sure nobody will keep me until *another*.

I feel quite concerned about my quarterage, but hope Sally will run round for me this once. She will probably recollect most of the subscribers' names, and also, that yesterday, i. e. the 6th of this month, was the time when it should have been col-

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lected. I think my account is locked up, but this will not signify to the givers. Be sure to think of the Whythebrook people, and lose nothing through taciturnity. 'Spare to speak, spare to speed,' always.

"The account of your scholars pleased me much. I have now in hand upwards of £400 for this cause. Oh, my dear girl, let us remember the perishing millions. You cannot tell how I long to see you, and place in your hands some of our missionary papers. Ours is but an infant cause; but, blessed be the Lord, it prospers. Pray for us, and for the cause of our Redeemer.

"Your affectionate sister in the Redeemer,

C. COLLINS."

In 1821, Messrs. Bampton and Peggs, the first missionaries sent out by the General Baptist Missionary Society, proceeded to India. The ordination of the former took place at Loughborough, on May 15th. The day was one of peculiar solemnity, and heart-thrilling emotions. Charlotte Collins attended the solemn services. Her impressions were deep, and her attachment to the cause of Missions strengthened to a desire

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to consecrate herself to its interests. A young man, of respectable character and circumstances, had previously sought her hand; but, on her return from the ordination, she absolutely declined receiving his addresses. Then, and for some years afterwards, she had no prospect of devoting herself to missionary services, but appears to have formed a determination not to enter into any connection, however flattering, as to worldly circumstances, which would permanently bind her to her native land. In the following letter, there appears to be an allusion to the circumstances mentioned above, as well as a description of her inward conflicts.

TO MISS G.

"*Sept.* 30, 1822.

"You acknowledge the receipt of my last, before you finished yours. How far this proved an answer to the first part of your letter, my memory will not at this time supply; but I think it would give you some idea of what I said to Mr. J——, in reply to his; I shall therefore begin with telling you that I was *repaid* by my dear aunt S——s, I must not say without the first great Cause, for this

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would be rapidly striding towards the shores of infidelity, and, without the interposition of Infinite Grace, would soon land us there. O how do I hate the heathenish terms luck, chance, fortune, &c.; and have cause to do so, for these in conjunction with a depraved heart have too often robbed the blessed God, who is the giver of every good and every perfect gift, and who giveth us richly all things to enjoy, of that gratitude (for temporal blessings) which is his just due; and have often deprived me of that degree of faith which discovers the dispensations of a kind and gracious God in *every circumstance*; and which is more desirable than tongue can express.

"I think with you that Mr. J—— appears in earnest: as to any thing more I am as much puzzled, perhaps, as yourself; only with you I know that nothing is too hard for an Almighty power, though to every outward appearance we may venture to say that nothing seems half so improbable; and he can and does make use of a weak vessel, that the excellency of the power may be of God. I dare not presume to dictate to Infinite Wisdom, or perhaps I should ask a situation replete with spiritual advantages and blessings,

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and be ready to excuse myself from any activity in his service, by pleading inability; but, may he enable us to give up ourselves to him; for he is, by far, better acquainted with the motives from which I act, than I am, or can be; for, alas! I feel such a complication of motives, that I feel no satisfaction but in this,—that God is acquainted with me: he knows me altogether, and 'who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, if the Lord commandeth it not?'

"I am doing little or nothing for the mission, but I trust I shall never forget we have such a cause, nor that we have brethren and sisters exposed to all the trials and difficulties attaching themselves to the office of a missionary."

We now insert a few extracts from her diary, taken from the first six months of the year we are now contemplating. In the early part of this year, she was called to undertake the domestic management of the residence of a gentleman, whose estates were partly farmed by her father and uncles. In this new employment, she found herself deprived of many privileges which she had enjoyed in her father's house; added to which, she was much

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exposed to the uncongenial society of those that know not God. To these circumstances, many of the complaints in her diary refer.

"*Dec.* 21, 1821. How little do we discover of God, in his ordinary blessings, as though these were from some other source. May the blessed God give us hearts of thankfulness and praise, lest we provoke his anger. This has been a peculiar season, but 'we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not also receive evil.' The few last weeks, my mind has been more than usually affected with the importance of Christian missionaries. Oh that the good Lord of the harvest would raise up and send forth laborers into his vineyard. I am informed our funds would support two more. Oh may God direct our friends in their choice, that they may be men after his own heart. Our dear brethren and sisters, B. and P. left, May 26, 1821, in company with our beloved friend and brother, Mr. Ward. Oh may their arrival tend to strengthen the weary, and comfort the feeble, if such there are in India; and may the arms of their hands be made strong by the mighty God of Jacob. Surely, I will not forget to pray for them. Surely, there are some more

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importunate at a throne of grace than we are, as a people; for alas! few besides our dear minister, seem to feel for them; and, even when we meet professedly to remember them, almost every thing else is thought of more importance. Oh gracious God! pour upon us the spirit of grace and supplication, for thou hast declared, 'I will be sought unto.'

"23. This is the Lord's day, but oh how divided has been my heart! how often is the poet's language my own,—

'Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain.'

"25. What have I now to record, except that it is of the Lord's mercy that I am not consumed. Oh when shall I be freed from sin, and swallowed up in love to Christ. Have been speaking, to night, of a call to the work of the mission. My soul felt somewhat alive to the cause; and, fearless of every thing but the disapprobation of my God, and, looking forward in my Saviour's promised strength and protection, surmounted even the foaming billows. Oh for a greater portion of *faith*. 'Tis that which stopped the mouths of lions, and turned to flight the armies of the

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aliens; and, without this, it is impossible to please God.

"29. A multiplicity of engagements have succeeded each other, and many times, I doubt not, I have been careful and troubled about many things, almost forgetting that one thing alone is needful. The mission, the mission is still upon my mind. How important the work! how few, in all respects, adapted to it! O Lord, raise up among *us* men after thine own heart, who will endure hardship as good soldiers, and increase, in thy unworthy dust, an increasing zeal, that she may not spare to speak for thee and thy cause; and, by a conformity to thy will, adorn the doctrine of God in all things.

"*Jan.* 5. A prison, with the assurance of being God's, yea, and a floating prison is desirable, if assured that our eye is single. Oh, when shall I possess a more lively dependence on the mercy of God, through Christ, and feel assured that I am his servant, by having respect unto *all his commands*.

"13. A week has elapsed, and no time has been found to record the dealings of a gracious God with me, although I have been sweetly favored with his love, through Christ

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Jesus, and through grace enabled to rejoice in it. O, what felicity do those miss, who know not God and his Son Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal.

"Had an interview with a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ. How dearly do I prize all that love him. Come, ye worldlings, tell me where you will find your comfort? What can be compared to this—to love and serve the Lord, who gives grace and glory, and withholds no solid good from upright souls? Tell me, also, if ye will not have him for your best friend now, where will you flee, when he comes to judge the world in righteousness? O, believe in him, serve him, and take him as your friend now,—a friend forever; for it is he alone who is the sinner's day's-man. He alone is worthy; in him alone has the ever blessed God declared himself ever well pleased. Gracious Lord, help thy unworthy dust to love thee more and serve thee better.

"22. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' I have nothing to lament but sin, and living too far from my God. Encircled with friends, O may I never orget my dear, very dear sisters, surrounded

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by heathen, and perhaps, at times, almost ready to exclaim, 'O, when shall these see the light?' Lord, support *them*, their partners, and raise up and send more laborers into the farthermost corners of the earth.

"*Feb.* 1. This day, I am twenty-one years of age, nineteen of which has been spent entirely in the service of the devil. Look back, O my soul, with astonishment and gratitude; astonishment, that the Lord bore so long with thy stubborn and rebellious will—so long suffered thee to grieve his Holy Spirit, which has not ceased to strive with thee from a child; and, with gratitude, that he hath made thee willing to be his—that the great love, wherewith he hath loved thee, has *constrained* thee in any measure to love him in return. Strive to love him more and serve him better O my soul—for

> "Why was I made to hear his voice,
> And enter while there's room."

Be all the praise to the exceeding riches of his grace—Amen.

"*March* 9. Much time has elapsed since I last wielded my pen on spiritual subjects, and now perhaps it will be much longer ere I again resume it. Oh what must, what can I

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do? If I felt satisfied that I am now in the path of duty I would endeavor to be calm and thankful, but how long shall I sojourn in Mesech and dwell in the tents of Kedar, with those whom my soul hateth. Oh my fellow Christians, you know not what it is to be separated from your delights, the house and people of God; but, gracious Father, if this be thy means of sanctification, cause; Oh cause me to say, 'Thy will be done,' and enable me so to act that the enemies of God may not only find no cause to blaspheme, but to love religion for its influence sake.

"12. Still much cause for thankfulness; not so much to fear from my situation, as from a corrupt heart, out of which proceeds only evil, and that continually; and which would fain embrace the creature and creature comforts, forgetful of its Creator. O my God, preserve me from loving the gift more than the Giver.

"17. Have been reading that more missionaries are wanted. O glorious assertion! Dear Lord, raise up and send more faithful laborers into thy vineyard—the qualifications necessary are 'sterling piety, good temper, and diligent activity.' Who is sufficient for

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these things? O my Saviour, pardon the proud and impure thoughts which often rise and swell this ignorant and depraved heart: teach me thy will concerning me, and erase from my heart an anxiety which may be displeasing to thee; nevertheless, may none of thy saints give thee rest until Jerusalem become a praise in the whole earth. Enable us all to act a faithful part with souls wherever we may be placed, and may our 'light so shine that men may see our good works and glorify our God.'

"*April* 4. Another month of my fleeting life is gone since entering on my much dreaded situation; but blessed be the God of Israel: who ever trusted in him and was confounded? He hath often told me that he could cause even my enemies to be at peace with me; but now he hath taught me the truth of his word by the fulfilment of it. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' How unworthy am I of such attention from the adorable Jehovah, but I am lost here: when I see him as he is, I'll praise him as I ought.

"We would entreat thee for those whom thou hast in thy kind providence bereaved,

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(referring to the death of Mr. Pegg's child, in India.) Cause it to be, if it please thee, instrumental of good to souls: but more especially would we thank thee that thou hast stayed the proud waves in behalf of our dear brethren and sisters—hast allowed them in much mercy to reach almost their wished abode. We would hope thou hast not spared them in vain. May their lives be afresh devoted to their God. May they go on their way rejoicing that they are thought worthy to preach the glorious gospel to benighted heathens; and may they ever be determined to know nothing among the people but Jesus Christ and him crucified.

"Have been reading the life of Mrs. Newell. How do I sink in my own esteem when comparing my life with hers—my love to God with hers. Blessed God, make this a means in thy hand of humbling this proud heart before thee, and O may it preserve me from that presumption which has too often pervaded and occupied this deceitful heart. O that thou wouldst raise up and send teachers after thine own heart, that shall, under thy guidance and in dependence on thy strength, be wise in winning souls to Christ; follow

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with thy blessing the labor of all thy faithful ministers, especially those in foreign lands: but, if for wise ends thou shalt withhold that success which they desire, may they enjoy the comforting assurance that the *faithful* servant shall be rewarded.

"*May* 12. O how long have I neglected this pleasing employment, and surely by this neglect have learned that this simple manner of recording one's infirmities is not altogether in vain. The Lord only knows the deceitfulness of this vile heart: this day has been our charity sermon, and O, my God, may I never cease to remember it with deep humility and repentance. Shame may justly take hold upon me. I have been among worldlings, but they could not know that I had been with Jesus. Have joined with them in their vain conversation almost without restraint, but the cause is in myself. I have spent the morning of this day without imploring his watchful eye to keep, his strong arm to withhold from sin; and yet I bless and praise the Lord he does not chastise according to my desert, but graciously assures me that 'his mercy endures forever.' O my God, deliver me from wearying thee with

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my iniquities, and O if it be thy blessed will, let this be the last time. Hide me, O rather hide me in the grave, than suffer me thus to deny thee—thus mingle with the world in so base a conformity to it—insult thee in thy house of prayer, and thus cause thy enemies to blaspheme the holy name by which thy sinful creature is called.

"*July* 7. Feel my conscience less afflicted with sin than usual. How is it, O my Saviour, that I feel no sorrow for it, and am hardly conscious of it even when it rages intolerably in my breast. O my Lord, open thou my eyes, and while I know that 'the thought of foolishness is sin,' may I feel it to be so, and fly from it as from the face of a serpent. Dear Lord, embitter sin to me, or embitter those comforts of life which lead to sin, rather than suffer me to enjoy them at the expense of holiness of *heart*, without which no man shall see the Lord. Have this day sat down at thy table and among thy people; would be thankful for this privilege. Surrounded by them that know thee not. O preserve me from a sinful conformity."

Thus did Charlotte Collins "keep her heart with all diligence," and struggle on to

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glory. We will conclude this section of her Memoirs by inserting a few letters of a miscellaneous character.

"*Hollcott Mill, Jan.* 14, 1822.

"My dear and honored Parents,

"Seeing you did not manifest any great degree of anxiety to hear from me immediately after my arrival, I have deferred writing till the present, and now, blessed be God, my first communication may justly be 'goodness and mercy have followed me all my days,' for, notwithstanding I am surrounded with disease and death, I am preserved in health, and I suppose it is unnecessary to add (to persons so well acquainted with my natural disposition) that as it respects temporal concerns I am contented and happy; for 'having food and raiment,' I ought and hope God will ever enable me to be content. In spirituals, however, it is not so; no, nor indeed do I wish it; for I hope I shall never, never rest satisfied till I awake in his likeness—freed from sin, from *every* thing *displeasing* to my God and Saviour, and capable of serving him with *all* my given powers. Last Lord's day I felt how great a sacrifice I had made when I re-

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mained a spectator, but not a partaker of the emblems of my Redeemer's, my dear Redeemer's death. Did not you, my dear mother, remember me, when sitting around the sacred board, and surrounded by almost all your Christian friends, except her who most needs every assistance to raise her cold heart from earth to heaven, or to strengthen and renew her love to him who so loved her? O my dear mother, I feel daily and hourly my want of love to the dear Redeemer. 'You that love the Lord indeed, tell me is it thus with you.'

"I have not begged any money yet: this is bad news; but while the disposal of hearts is with the Lord, I hope I shall not fall into *guilty* distrust, nor yet rest so satisfied as not to care whether any or more help to build the house of God. My kind love to Mr. and Mrs. Hall. I hope I ever shall 'esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake.' You will remember, I dare say, the anxiety we all felt about twelve weeks ago, and the cause of it. I hope now we shall be abundantly thankful that we are not left as sheep without a shepherd, and daily remember him at a throne of grace, that he may be a teacher af-

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ter God's own heart, feeding the people with knowledge and understanding. I find I am quite spoiled for hearing; and if the apostle means, when he says, 'Know no man after the flesh,' that we are not to feel more partial to one of God's servants than another, I must cry 'Guilty, guilty.'"

TO MR. W.

"*May* 26, 1823.

"I think you perceived that my last was written almost with an intention to find out whether or not you could pronounce Shibboleth in the language of Canaan, and, blessed be God, the result was satisfactory. O my dear W., how justly may we admire the distinguishing grace of God; what cause of thankfulness have we? I should dearly love to enlarge on the goodness of God to us in particular, but forbear, merely because I know we may not think alike on this subject, and therefore you may charge me with a wish to enter on controversial subjects, and I can assure you nothing is farther from my mind than this. I mention this that we may in all our correspondence, endeavor, as much as possible to avoid it; for from two heads, so little

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furnished with theological tenets as ours, we can expect but little advantage to accrue from such procedure. I often think that it is an unspeakable privilege that Christians are encouraged to pray for each other; and perhaps it is owing in a measure to this, that affection is the prominent trait of the Christian's character; for 'by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples,' &c. And if ever you or I have prayed for friends, we know from experience that we have not risen from our knees without new feelings towards them. I hope you do not forget me in your approaches to a throne of grace, for no one has more need of your prayers: especially remember that I am surrounded with a cloud of eye-witnesses of my conduct, watching for every occasion to blaspheme the holy name by which we are called. O my dear W—, we stand in need of great grace to walk consistently in the eyes of the world. We are both young, but it is our unspeakable privilege that the blessed God has made peculiar promises to such. May we ever be the objects of his special care."

The following letter was addressed to a young man, who, shortly after, died of consumption.

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"My dear J——, I was much surprised to hear of your very serious indisposition, having understood it to be nothing more than a temporary illness arising from cold. We however, have an assurance that 'afflictions come not by chance.' This should reconcile us under them, even if we should always be sufferers and losers by them. But blessed be God, this is not always the case, and it affords me inconceivable pleasure to hear that it is not so with you. 'How unsearchable are the ways of the Almighty!' What can you and I render unto the Lord for his infinite goodness and mercy unto us?

"But perhaps, my dear J——, you may, under existing circumstances, be the subject of much discouragement and many doubts. You may feel discouraged, because you have not a greater portion of divine knowledge; and your apparently short career will necessarily deprive you of making any acquisition therein; but this, you may remember, is not essentially necessary to salvation. No; for however refined the ideas may be, however clear our views, or extensive our knowledge of the glorious plan of salvation, they will not afford us one plea in the sight of God. No:

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all the plea we shall or can have, must be, that 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' And you, my dear J——, with your scanty knowledge, can offer this availing plea. Your evidence of being a child of God, through faith in Christ Jesus, may be dark, but do not feel discouraged at this. It may please God, in his infinite wisdom, to suffer you to remain in doubts, till your latest moments. Nevertheless, your salvation is as secure, (if you are enabled to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as *your* Saviour, and *depend on him*, as a sacrifice with which God has declared himself well pleased,) as though you could live and die triumphantly. For my own part, I have no wish to die in triumph. No: I shall be well satisfied, if he enables me to say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' And I pray God to enable you, my dear J——, to exercise faith in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus; for not he that *rejoiceth*; but *he that believeth in Christ shall be saved*. And it is said, 'The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in all them that hope in his mercy.'

"If he take us out of the world before we have any opportunity of acknowledging and

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confessing him in the world, 'it is Christ that justifies: who is he that shall condemn?' and, if he spare us in this world, it is in the midst of snares, of allurements, and of temptations; and it must be a great degree of grace, which can preserve us from the evil that is in the world. I hope you will not forget to pray for me, that I may adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things;—that I may walk circumspectly before this people, and thus convince them that there is something more in religion than a mere name.

"In a little time, my dear friend, I shall follow you into the valley of the shadow of death; but even there, we need fear no evil, if we have the staff of life (Jesus Christ) to support us; and we know that, as Christ is risen from the dead, so we shall rise; and he has said, that where he is, there shall we be also. And now, my dear John, farewell. May we meet again with those whose names are written in heaven, to ascribe unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, everlasting praise. I am your affectionate cousin,

CHARLOTTE COLLINS."

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CHAPTER III

Her views of Missionary labor—Extracts from her diary—Prospects of becoming a missionary,—and correspondence until the time of her marriage.

Those friends of Miss Collins who were best acquainted with her, had long entertained an opinion that she was intended by Providence to engage personally in the work of spreading the Gospel among the heathen. The extracts already made from her letters and diary have shown, that, although until near the close of the year on which we are entering, (1823) there did not appear to be the least probability of her entering upon the work, yet her mind was deeply exercised respecting it. It may, therefore, not be uninteresting to furnish a few extracts from her correspondence with her confidential friend, relating to her views on this subject.

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Aug. 10, 1821.

TO MISS E. G.

"The missionary reports reached us with your letter. They are cheering indeed. O, my E., I seldom cast my eye over the dark places of the earth; but I am almost ready tacitly to reproach my Master for having withheld from me those abilities, without which, though with a soul warmed with love to God, and a heart, wholly, if possible, devoted to him and his service, and ready and willing to engage, in the strength of the Lord, to labor in any corner of his vineyard, we should remain in those dark corners comparatively useless. Thus, we see, that even our zeal, unless tempered aright, needs forgiveness."

TO THE SAME.

"*March* 28, 1823.

"The mission, and going as a missionary, are words which have frequently assailed my ears from different quarters lately. I do not mean to say by this, that I am likely ever to be one; though, if twenty doors were open for me to become the *wife* of a missionary, I hope the Lord would teach me to refuse them,

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unless I could be a *faithful missionary* myself, so far as my circumstances and qualifications would allow. For I should think that a woman going *merely as the companion of a man*, to gratify his fancy or affection, would render her a burden to society; and this would perhaps hold good a burden *on the society*—a reproach in the eye of the public—and, what is worse than all, she might ultimately prove a curse on her husband's labors."

It would be well if missionaries of both sexes were to act upon the ideas advanced in the above extracts. Doubtless, there are many aspirants for this sacred office, who entirely mistake their own character. Some suppose if they could only be landed on some heathen shore, they should burn with a seraph's zeal to effect the salvation of the degraded idolaters; but who, alas! do nothing, or next to nothing, for the salvation of souls at home. Others have invested the subject with some romantic notions, and think nothing more is necessary than a restless desire, they know not why, to go; while a third class among females have no ideas connected with the work, beyond being the wife of one who goes far hence to preach the Gospel. Char-

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lotte Collins belonged to neither of these classes. She was a missionary at home; and, before she consented to become a missionary abroad, she endeavored to count the cost, to estimate her qualifications for the arduous work, and to investigate, with godly jealousy, the motives which impelled her forward. We insert one other letter on this subject. It appears to have been written after Mr. and Mrs. Lacey's embarkation for India, whose ordination took part at Longboro,' but which she was disappointed in attending.

TO MISS E. G.

"You will think it a little strange, (and I have no doubt feel for me, too,) when I tell you that, until your letter reached me, I had not so much as heard that the ordination had taken place. I had missed seeing our monthly publication, and no person had named the circumstance; so I was tantalizing myself with the possibility of being there, and enjoying the company of one I so dearly love. Judge, then, of my disappointment. But we may now indulge a hope that by the 'good hand of their God upon them,' they are uniting with our other dear friends (and perhaps

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many others, who have like occasion for gratitude) in admiring the skill of that omnipotent Pilot, who has thus safely conducted them to their desired resting-place, and who will ultimately conduct all *his* travellers, whether by land or by sea, to the haven of eternal rest.

"How important, my dear E., that we so walk with God, as daily to obtain increasing evidence that this rest will be ours! while this evidence receives an additional sweetness from the confident hope of there meeting our now absent friends, and uniting to adore, throughout eternity, the matchless grace which has made us heirs together with Christ Jesus.

"I am very much indebted to you for your good opinion of me, but which, in justice to myself, I am obliged to say, you must retract, on a better acquaintance with me. But, that I hope to be in that station I should best adorn, is true; and I am sometimes willing to think, notwithstanding my partiality, which is not very inconsiderable, that I would not uplift my hand to decide it. The goodness and the faithfulness which the blessed God has manifested towards me, on past occasions, compel me to say,—

'I'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.'

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"O that this language had, on all occasions, been unfeignedly mine. But alas! it is, and I am sensible it is, the hardest thing in the world to know one's self. I hope I feel thankful that you have engaged to pray for me: it is a great mercy to have a heart to pray, and a still greater to have no less a being than the eternal Jehovah to pray unto."

Under the date of July 24, 1823, she writes in her diary,—

"I have just read that our dear brother Ward (that highly valued and dearly beloved servant of Christ,) breathed his last on the 7th of March. He is gone to his reward. Dear Lord, let not his place be vacant. May it be filled by one equally holy, zealous, and humble. And oh that this afflictive providence may be made subservient to thine own glory. Thy hand is not waxed short."

To her friend, Miss W——, of H., she wrote as follows:—

"*Sept.* 8, 1823.

"To hear that you are so zealously affected, in so good a cause (the Bible Society) as the one you have espoused, has, I hope,

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called forth my best feelings, both towards the cause itself, and those engaged in its behalf. If ever I feel averse to my present situation, it is only because it denies me those pleasures which many of my Christian friends so largely enjoy; but then a second reflection may and ought to check this rising discontent. For aught I know, it may arise from the Satanic principle, pride; and, undoubtedly, he who 'searches the heart, and tries the reins,' knows what is best for me; and, perhaps, in *boundless*, though to me unknown mercy, withholds from me that which he sees would call forth, in this depraved heart, the basest motives, and thus cause me to love the praise of men more than the praise of God. These reflections, my dear friend, will at times check dissatisfaction, though the secret hope still lives, that one day the Lord will appoint me another place; but, whether here or there, what he appoints is best. And perhaps *he* never appoints the Christian a place, but he calls upon him or her to be a special light to those around. That I may be such, do not, my dear friend, forget me at a throne of grace. We have our Master's injunction to pray for each other, and we know

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not what blessings accrue from such an affectionate interest in each other's welfare."

Thus carefully did Charlotte Collins proceed in her Christian course. She had a firm faith in the superintending providence of God. Her Bible she made the man of her counsel; and on its precious promises did she rely for support and consolation. She never seemed desirous of running before she was sent, but patiently and prayerfully waited the intimations of God's will concerning her. She was remarkable for a close investigation into her motives, and for faithful dealing with her own heart. The time, however, was at hand, when her way was to be made plain before her face. In the autumn of this year, (1832) her acquaintance with Mr. Sutton commenced. They had been, previously to this time, entire strangers to each other. His attention was directed to her, by her zealous advocacy of the great principles of benevolence with some of her young friends, at a party where he was an occasional guest. Mr. S. was at this time pursuing studies preparatory to his engaging as a missionary, and made a proposal to her to become the companion of his days. Her agitation, and per-

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plexity, and self-suspicion, on this occasion, were extreme.

We copy a few extracts from her diary during this important era in her life.

"*Nov.* 26. Well may it be said 'How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out,' for truly the Lord's dealings with me are mysterious, though in infinite wisdom. Long has my mind been (with regard to temporal things) satisfied that my path was straight and ordered by the Lord. But now, alas! I know not what to think. Another way presents itself, and one which I feel confident could not easily have been brought about by human invention. I know not what to do. I am only afraid of my treacherous heart, lest that should deceive me with any inclination contrary to the will of God. I would be neutral, but cannot; for the voice declares a woe to them that are at ease in Zion. Fain would I relinquish all thoughts of it, but dare not; for an inclination to such a work, the opinion of others, and an almost open door *demand* my thoughts. I fear on the one hand lest a love of indolence, or the creature should be my motive; and, on

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the other, I scarce dare think, lest the ambition of being thought a public character, or any other motive equally base should influence me. Oh my God, while I am professing my sincerity, be thou graciously pleased *to make me sincere.* Thou alone knowest the baseness of this vile heart: only make mine eye single to thy glory, and then lead me where thou wilt, whether to India's sultry climes, or elsewhere; it matters not to thine unworthy dust.

"*Dec.* 9. Unsettled and dark, and shut out from free communion with my God. But I know 'his hand is not shortened,' &c. I am now afraid that the Lord is dealing with me as with Job, and has suffered Satan to present this specious allurement to try my integrity. Oh my dear Lord and Saviour, save me in, or deliver me from this trial. Leave me not to my own heart, lest I dishonor that holy name by which I am called, and cause the enemies of God to blaspheme.

"11. Destitute of gratitude to God, and blind to his infinitely glorious perfections. O when wilt thou be pleased to open mine eyes, and cause thy beauties to pass before me? In thy light, let me behold light.

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"15. Still in an agitated state of mind—felt much disappointed on reading a letter from my dearest female friend. I expected to have her *serious* advice, on what I consider the most serious subject; but she cannot enter into my feelings, and could she, it would then be impossible to know the baseness of this vile heart, and to discover its real motives."

The difficulties of Miss Collins were considerably augmented about this period by the marked attentions of a minister of the Gospel in a neighboring town. He was a worthy, good man, but much her senior in years, and in other respects not a congenial companion for her. Still his general excellence of character could but command esteem, and when he manifested a serious disposition to make her his wife, served to increase her perplexity. To this, there is an allusion in her confidential correspondence with her bosom friend."

TO MISS E. G.——.

"*Dec.* 26, 1823.

"Your inquiries are not more free than welcome, nor are they troublesome: I only

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wish I could see you, I would then communicate to you every thing relative to the circumstances to which you refer; for I have no wish to hide any thing from the *more discerning* part of mankind in general, much less from a Christian friend whom I feel I love, and who, I doubt not, would implore, with fervency and affection, that divine guidance, without which our steps are darkness. I have truly been in trouble, and such as I never before experienced, however, not in such a degree. The Lord has engaged to direct our path if we commit our way unto him; but alas! my dear E——, such is my *insincerity*, *pride* of heart, and in short, such a complication of iniquity seems to pervade this breast, that after all my pretended anxiety, (and of late it has been very great,) to ascertain, if possible, the will of the blessed God concerning me, and all my pretended submission to his blessed will, I greatly question whether I ever have in reality, i. e. without any will of my own, committed my way unto him. I hope I can *say*, my desire, my earnest desire has been, and still is, to do so; but oh! 'the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it?'

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"You must know, dear E——, that some time ago my mind was very peculiarly exercised with regard to the mission: why it was so, I was then, and still am at a loss to say. I was willing to attribute it to any thing rather than to the operation of the Spirit of God upon my mind, from a consciousness of my utter inability for so great a work. But in spite of this persuasion, though it afforded me innumerable pleas, perhaps all which self-love, supineness, or a gainsaying mind could invent; yet these objections were still silenced when at a throne of grace; and I, unwilling as I was, compelled to say, 'Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt send.' But this anxiety had considerably increased, owing perhaps, to my continued acquaintance with my worthy friend H——. But notwithstanding this, you know if the other appears evidently a call in providence, am I to please or to deny myself? but here comes my difficulty, while one supposes that all which is requisite is 'a disposition to the work, and an open door;' another questions whether the preponderance should not be given to natural affection. The latter of these reasoners well accords with my own sluggish inclinations; but then my

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own reflections are something like the following: 'Ought I, after what had previously passed in my mind, and the renewed reflections which such a proposal necessarily brought, to dismiss it without endeavoring to ascertain, if possible, the will of Jehovah in it?' Does not this event, in connection with my own views and feelings on the subject, go very far to prove that it has not been all a delusion, and the effect of a proud, vile heart, as I have often suspected it has been? and as there appears to be but one bar in the way, and this of my own placing, my next inquiry is, 'May not even this be opposed to what the Lord requires of me?' And on the other hand, I am thinking all this anxiety and restlessness of mind has never been of the operation of the Spirit of God; that it is permitted as a temptation to try what is in my heart. That this event may be ranked among the 'chances which happen unto all men;' or that the disposition to listen to any thing of the sort, proceeds only from fickleness or inconsistent mutability; or, in short, from any motive inferior to the love of Christ. I find I have nothing to doubt but myself. Jehovah is faithful; and I hope I can heartily

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adopt the language of David, 'Search me, O God,' &c. From this slight sketch, you will have some faint idea of the agitation of my mind; but the 'half has not been told;' perhaps, till now, I never suspected that so much iniquity was bound up in this vile heart. O my dear E——, do pray for me, that God would preserve me in *uprightness of heart*; for to such there ariseth light out of darkness; do accept my thanks for your sympathetic feeling."

Having endured much perplexity, Miss Collins became at length convinced that duty required from her the consecration of herself to the service of the heathen. No sooner had light began to shine upon her path, than her heart was filled with the liveliest emotions of gratitude. From this time her diary and letters abound with sentiments of exalted piety, and manifest how fast she was ripening for that heavenly world to which her Lord was about to call her, almost before she had commenced her work as a missionary of the cross.

Extracts from her diary.

"*Dec.* 29. Forever blessed be the Lord God of Israel: let his praise be sung from

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one end of the earth even unto the other. He hath again graciously permitted a vile wretch to order her cause before him. I have at times enjoyed some liberty in prayer, and hope I now feel in some degree deliverance from my own will. I feel a great complacence towards S—, and unison of soul unspeakable in the work to which he is designated; this is why I felt afraid. But oh my God, thou knowest my desire is to walk after thy directions: whether here or there, deign thou to guide me.

"30. Blessed be God who hath graciously unloosed my soul and enabled me once more to adopt the language of the 103d Psalm. Oh how long have I been laboring under the basest ingratitude, and though sensible of it, could neither feel it as my worst foe, nor sufficiently anxious to be delivered from it.

'O for a heart to praise my God,—
A heart from sin set free.'

"I still feel, when at a throne of grace, that I cannot, dare not forget the important cause in hand, for though I feel conscious it would be sending an idolater to instruct the heathen, yet am I to choose by whom the Lord shall send? 'Lord, send by whom thou

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wilt send; but if thy Spirit go not with us, carry us not up hither.'

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. He has enabled me this day to give myself unto prayer, and in answer thereto, graciously assures me that my 'righteousness shall be as the light.' What wondrous condescension to one so vile. My righteousness is as filthy rags, but Christ is made to us wisdom and righteousness. O let me stand approved in him, and in the sight of the world, *as his servant.*

"*Jan.* 1, 1824. This has been a day long to be remembered, I hope, with gratitude. Have felt an *unconquerable* impression that I shall probably never spend another new year's day in this place, perhaps not on earth. From what this has proceeded, I cannot tell; but it has led me to a throne of grace with more than usual importunity, that the Lord would preserve me from a *presumptuous* use of the gracious promises with which he has been pleased to favor me in the prospect of a probable event, and from a distrust of his faithfulness and goodness. O how short the passage from faith to presumption, and from a prudent distrust to downright infidelity. O

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blessed Lord God of Israel, thou knowest our ignorance, our unbelief, and every other deficiency and sin. 'Remember that we are but dust,' and be pleased to make straight paths for our feet, and enable us to walk therein without gainsaying. This thou hast promised to do. O suffer me not to distrust this gracious promise, for I know that all power belongeth unto thee.

"2. Have this day been enabled to look to the ever-blessed God in the endearing and precious character of a 'heavenly Father.' O the unspeakable privilege of feeling God to be our friend! it is this, and this alone supports my mind, and allays the anxiety I feel under his providential dealings with my soul. Am still afraid that with all my pretensions to integrity, and after all my continual appeals to the Searcher of hearts, that I may yet have other motives than the glory of God in view. So many things crowd into this vile heart, that the soul receives a bias therefrom before it is aware, and leaves me unprepared to say, 'Thy will be done.' O that thou wouldst, most gracious God, in this particular, withhold me from sinning against thee. It is said of one, 'He did that which was right in the

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sight of God, but not with a perfect heart.' O suffer not this awful case to be mine.

"*Feb.* 1. My birth day. Was invited to spend this day at home with my beloved parents and sisters, when the improbability of spending another together on earth spread mutual endearment among us, but the intervention of strangers interfered with our comforts, and allowed me but a partial enjoyment of the day in a spirit of devotedness.

"9. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has manifested himself to an unworthy worm as he does not unto the world—has graciously shown me a measure of my wants, and enabled me to importune a supply of them—has kindly granted me a sweet sense of my nothingness, unworthiness and insufficiency. O what can equal such a feeling? not the possession of worlds. O for an increasing value of this inestimable blessing that God and Christ may be all, to whom be never-ending praises!

"11. Have heard that some cavil, and one of these a professor of religion. O Lord, if it be from want of love to thy cause, fill his soul with the love of Christ; but if on account of the worthlessness of thy unworthy dust,

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help her to receive it as a stimulus to self-examination, and as a cause of humiliation before thee. O that thou wouldst preserve me from casting a stumbling-block in the way of others; thy dust is not worthy, but 'Jesus Christ is worthy,' and thou canst accept our services through the *Beloved*."

The two next letters appear to have some reference to what is hinted at in the last extract from her diary.

"I could neither do justice to myself or to Sutton, to decide by report, and report which I was obliged very much to question, from what Sutton said to me. Your Charlotte, accordingly, took a more direct method than sifting reports, for writing to P— herself. He very kindly assured her that nothing sanctioning such report had ever escaped his lips; that all he knew of Sutton was decidedly favorable, and that if I wished to know any thing more, to write with the utmost freedom.

"Through the goodness of the Lord I am now able to review the steps taken in this important affair with equal satisfaction; I think, my dear girl, I can now enter into your suspicions and feelings; the former you may now

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relinquish, the latter you must not indulge. O, my E—, under what infinite obligations is the most unworthy of the unworthy continually laid, while nothing but pride and ingratitude pervade this wretched heart. What am I, that the peculiar favor of Heaven should rest upon me? Surely this is grace; free, sovereign, boundless grace. O that my soul could be one continued theme of gratitude and praise! It is not yet determined to which quarter of this vast globe we shall be destined, and I hope we mutually endeavor to cherish a spirit of acquiescence; though I think we both feel a predilection for the east: there are many things, however, to balance, and we should be lost to know which will preponderate. The principal of those for the east are, the aggravating idolatry and the assurance that their idols shall perish in the day of visitation; while for the west, the galling chains of tyranny seem to prepare the hearts of some for the reception of that yoke which is easy, and the burden which is light; and therefore we may inquire, Is not this a set time to favor this people from on high? Notwithstanding these thoughts, we each of us feel happily satisfied that the decision will be

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made by those who love the Redeemer and his cause; and who, possessing every source of information, cannot fail to judge aright, or, at least, to give such judgment as no interested individual ought to call in question."

"*Jan.* 31, 1824.

"My dear brother,—Encouraged by your affectionate example, and wishing to cultivate a oneness of spirit with every one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, I venture thus familiarly to address you.

"Thanks will but faintly express to you the gratitude I felt on receiving your kind letter, and the pleasure I feel in attempting a reply to your kind inquiries. Your first question is one which has long agitated my mind; and though I hope I can say it is the love of Christ that constraineth me, I often doubt whether other motives may not be cherished under this plausible pretext; and in this case, I can only adopt the language of David, 'Search me, O God, and know my heart.' &c. You next inquire, have I been to a throne of grace? I trust, my dear sir, I can say I have:—it was this which gave rise

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to my present views, and I hope I may say this is where they have been almost daily fostered. That the Lord should employ so insignificant an individual, is not less surprising to me than to my friends; and surrounded by thousands, as I am, whose worth and qualifications for such an important work, are unspeakably superior to mine, argues a degree of unjustifiable presumption; but the apostle's declaration that 'not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble are called,' but that God hath chosen the foolish, the weak, and the base things of the world, &c. reconciles me to this apparent presumption, and convinces me that 'our sufficiency is of God.' Your next inquiry is, have I counted the cost? To this I can only say, I hardly think this is possible: perhaps no views but what arise from experience, can give a true estimate of a life, which must, in a great measure, partake of all the difficulties and privations encountered by the great apostle of the gentiles. It is true that feeble nature, unsupported by the mighty promises of God, looks on these things with dismay; and when contemplating the almost innumerable ties which bind to home, to country, and friends,

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but more especially to the tenderest of parents, and most affectionate sisters, with whom perhaps a mortal was ever blest, is ready to say, 'It is too much: the debt is more than can be paid!' But when on the other hand, we view the infinite obligations under which we are to the Redeemer, as the purchase of his blood; that *we are not our own*, and therefore bound to render our service for the advancement of his glorious kingdom; that he makes our obedience the criterion of our love to him, and assures us, that if we prefer any thing before him and his cross, we are not worthy of him; and at the same time promises every thing which is necessary to support, under such privations as may devolve upon us in the path of duty; with these considerations, and confiding in the care of Christ, I hope I can say with the apostle, 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself.'

"You will yet inquire, in your own mind, But how do you know that it is your duty to go? The word of God does not say *you* should go. It does not; and on this account I have felt a hesitancy, which nothing short of the evident leadings of Providence has re-

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moved. Circumstances, with which the public, in general, must be unacquainted, and consequently which can only satisfy my own mind, or the minds of those who could fully enter into the views, the feelings, and other things have combined to produce this decision.

"The bearer is waiting. Shall be glad to hear from you at any time: begging your prayers that God in all things may be glorified, I remain in everlasting bonds, your affectionate sister, C. COLLINS."

With the two following letters we close this chapter of these Memoirs. They are nearly the last specimens that we can insert of the correspondence of Miss Collins with her youthful companions. We would invite especial attention to the spirit of exalted piety which breathes through these letters, particularly the last of them. The piety of Miss Collins was not, however, let it be remembered, only seen in her correspondence, it was embodied in her life and conduct. She was a living epistle, read and known of all men. Our beloved young readers may see in this Memoir, the advantages of youthful

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friendships based on piety, and cherished by a correspondence, such as has been presented to their notice in this book. Christian friendship and Christian correspondence, were to Charlotte Collins sources of permanent advantage, and the most refined pleasure; and such she endeavored to render them to others. Happy would she have been, had her circumstances allowed her to command that leisure which many of our young readers enjoy. See to it, beloved young friends, that you make a wise improvement of it, and especially see to it that your correspondence be of a wise, pious, and profitable description, that if it should at a future day pass before your own eye, or the review of the public, no blush of self-condemnation may overspread your countenance.

"*Smockington, Feb.* 24, 1824.

"My dear friend, If you are determined to contend that 'actions speak louder than words,' all attempt to reconcile you to my long silence must prove abortive. I am sensible of my *apparent* ingratitude, but as I do not in reality feel conscious of it, shall venture to offer as an apology that, for several days we

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were not without company—a circumstance which obliged me to forego many things which would have been pleasing, and among the rest the pleasure of returning you an answer.

"In the first place, allow me to thank you for your friendly address, and to assure you that I *feel* our friendship to be one, which I trust will never fluctuate with the vicissitudes of time and earthly things; but having for its foundation the 'Friend of sinners,' will abound more and more until consummated in his glorious presence. Notwithstanding this, however, it appears we must submit to a suspension of this endearing friendship during our journey through this world of sorrows; (you doubtless know that I refer to my probable station in India,) but may I not hope that though mountains rise, and oceans roll between us, we shall, nevertheless, be united in one spirit, and not unfrequently, in this spirit, meet at the throne of our heavenly Father, importuning for each other, every needful good. You observe that a 'retreat is not a conquest;' it is not, but this is the victory which overcometh the world, even your faith. O precious promise! and rich

unfathomable grace! which enables us to believe such promises, while to thousands they are no more than a dead letter, and the whole prophecy is a sealed book. Truly it is not of ourselves, but of the grace of God. You say you had received much spiritual strength—another pledge, my dear friend, of the faithfulness and goodness of an unchangeable God; and O, if past experience did not painfully teach us the contrary, we might be ready to suppose we should never, never forget, nor feel ungrateful for such inestimable privileges; but alas! our ungrateful hearts have no sooner enjoyed the gift, than the Giver is forgotten.

"I am glad to hear you are blessed with a companion; (give my kind love to her,) may you prove a blessing to each other. I have sometimes thought the Lord in *mercy* withholds a friend; for when the mind is of a social turn, we are too apt perhaps to commit our cares to an earthly friend, forgetful of him who has said, 'Cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you.' You say you have much to encounter. O remember that chastisement is the criterion of your heavenly Father's love, Heb. xii. 6; and so far as

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experience has taught me, I can heartily adopt the language of Pearce:—

'More the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.'

My dear friend, whatever we may think of a smooth path, a trial would, I believe, soon convince us that it is not desirable.

"You will, I think, feel some little interest in the great and unexpected event before alluded to, and perhaps will anxiously inquire further particulars; but I must leave this till a future day. If spared, I hope to be in Northamptonshire in a few weeks; but unless you will favor me with a few lines previous to that time, I shall suppose you are withholding what the Pope pretends very liberally to grant, and on this account shall not give you a call. I have requested only a *few lines*, but shall retract the expression, and beg you will favor me with a letter as long as your patience itself. You talk about not daring to write, &c. I feel half inclined to scold you for such unseasonable stuff, for I am confident of this, if any apology is necessary, it is on my part; and when writing to a friend, a sister, I expect that Christian affection will supersede the rod of the critic, or else I as-

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sure you, I should not send out such scribbles as this, written with little time and less thought; for I am surrounded with different persons, variously employed at this instant, and conversing on subjects equally various as their employments.

"I would just observe, however, that such has been my perplexity of mind during these last four months, such my engagements from new and renewed correspondence, that I felt but little inclination to write, except where absolutely necessary; this will account for my silence lately, but you will not suppose from this that I shall consider an epistle from my friend a trouble: the Lord has graciously delivered me out of many difficulties which have perplexed my mind, and wounded my feelings, so that now, notwithstanding the heart-rending prospects before me, I feel comparatively at liberty, while these prospects are rendered tolerable by that comprehensive promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' This, you know, my dear Betsy, is sufficient for every purpose through life; and he is faithful who has promised, and now what shall I say more. I would fain fill my paper quite across, but dare not, lest you

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should not be able to make out my scrawl. Never cease to pray for your unworthy, but affectionate CHARLOTTE COLLINS."

TO MISS G——.

"*Feb.* 15, 1824.

"My dear E——, I am writing now in compliance with a former promise; but why, my dear girl, do you begin to exercise the tenderest feelings of my soul? can you not yet view it at a distance? The time is not yet determined. This is my constant endeavor, or I could never see my relations with any comfort. Father and mother scarce ever meet me but with tears. But you will suppose that this endeavor does not always succeed in allaying the feeling; but, blessed be God! faith can surmount those things, at which feeble, unassisted nature trembles and revolts, and I feel graciously supported with this all-comprehensive promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be,' &c. This you know, my dear E., is sufficient for every purpose. 'O for an overcoming faith!' But faith is not all I feel I want. No, I want love to Christ; to feel increasingly the value of his mediation; and to be devoted to him in

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the *highest degree;* for without this, it will be to little purpose that we be honored with a place as laborers in his vineyard; for *zeal alone* would be liable to fluctuation with the success of our labor, while the love of Christ, duly appreciated and felt, would stimulate us to renewed exertions, even though no fruit of our exertions should appear. Such, my dear girl, I feel may be our lot. Yes, it may please the God of love never to allow us one hope, save in his unfailing promises; but even under this trying dispensation, what a consolation would it be to know that the reward is for the faithful servant, independent of success; while a consciousness of our nothingness and our ignorance of what might be best for us, ought to silence every murmur, and reconcile us to our heavenly Father's will. I am sure we should not be thus afflicted, (for truly it would be great affliction,) unless for our profit, and the Searcher of Hearts only knows what necessity there would be for such correction. Perhaps an undue self-complacence, a reliance on our own strength, a thirst for applause, preferring the praise of men to the praise of God, or a thousand other things, almost unthought

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of by us, may creep in, and thus oblige, if I may so speak, the blessed God to withhold a blessing from us, lest we should lightly esteem the Rock of our salvation. O my dear E—, I think I could be satisfied and thankful under these gloomy appearances, if blest with the communion of my God and Saviour; a *nearness* of soul to him, and an undiminished attachment to his glorious cause. My thoughts are now almost unremittingly employed on this beloved work.

"I hope, God willing, to visit you before I am tied by the finger. I cannot promise that you will not be troubled with another as well as myself, for S— is very anxious to know when I shall be at A—, implying, I think, a wish to meet me there, if practicable.

"The hope that a painful separation may be blessed to the good of some soul dear to me, has not unfrequently crossed my mind; and I trust it has not been useless already. I never had such a pleasing evidence of genuine piety in my dear mother, as lately. We must endeavor, daily, to cherish the fond hope of meeting on far better shores; and let this supersede the thought of parting. When you and I, my dear, review the way in which

the Lord has led us, what cause for unbounded gratitude; for while many are called to part, whose endearments equal ours, either without hope on either side, or with hope enjoyed but by one; we are blest with mutual, and I trust a good hope through grace, of meeting and enjoying each other's company forever and ever. And sometimes I think the hope of meeting my dear friends at the end of time, will be an additional inducement to quit, with unreluctant feelings, this tenement of clay. I may not be permitted to reach that long-sought place; but in this case, would you repine? I trust I should not, except for the sake of souls; for I trust I should be able to say, 'To me to live is Christ; to die is gain.'

"I am now pretty generally addressed either with unusual friendship, or with evident marks of a contrary feeling; but of the latter, very little has hitherto been my lot. The kindness of the Smockington folks exceeds description, and they never speak of my leaving them but with tears. Bless the Lord, O my soul."

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CHAPTER IV.

Ordination—Taking leave of friends—Letters—Diary—Voyage to India.

On June 18, 1824, Miss Collins was married to Mr. Amos Sutton, then about to proceed to India. On Wednesday, the 23d of the same month, his ordination took place at Derby. The ordination service was peculiarly solemn. On that interesting occasion, Mrs. Sutton, in all the bloom of youth, and in the adornment of female loveliness and Christian piety, appeared by the side of her husband before the crowded and much affected assembly. She appeared tranquil and cheerful, and during a few days spent at Derby, much endeared herself to many whom she will meet no more till they meet in heaven. She then returned for a short and final visit to Wolvey.

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The period for the departure of Mr. Sutton and his amiable partner from their native land now rapidly approached, and as the issue proved, she was about to leave her long-beloved home, to revisit it no more. As this important, and, to a heart so affectionate as Mrs. Sutton's, trying time approached, her piety appears to have glowed with a stronger flame, and to have shone with a brighter lustre. The writer, (Mr. P.) from observing the state of her mind, at this interesting period of her life, has been reminded of one of the most beautiful of the comparisons of modern poetry, in which its author describes the *final* departure of a pious female from this transitory state.

"But she was waning to the tomb,
The worm of death was in her bloom;
Yet as the mortal flame declin'd,
Strong, through the ruins, rose the mind.
As the dim morn, when light ascends,
Slow in the East, the darkness rends;
Through melting clouds by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendor of her beams;
Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
Free as a disembodied soul;
Thus, while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade.
Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd,

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In nature's weakness were reveal'd;
And still th' unrobing spirit cast
Diviner beauties to the last;
Dissolv'd its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
Emerging into perfect light."

Thus the piety of Charlotte Sutton seemed to brighten when leaving her native land, and when traversing the mighty deep. This is pleasingly apparent in her confidential communications to her beloved friends.

TO MISS C——.

"*Wolvey.*

"My dear girl,—It is now Friday morning, and we are yet at Wolvey, but expect to leave to-morrow night, unless we have orders to the contrary. Mother is tolerably well while we are with her, but I tremble for her when we shall leave. I know you will accept this as the last token of love which I shall have an opportunity of offering while in our dear native country; but I trust it is not the last which will be afforded; no, we will not be so distrustful, though I see no reason for dissatisfaction, even though this should be the case; for if a soul is benefited, and God is thereby glorified, who has a right to complain? This we know, the Christian has not;

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and this is what I ever wish to feel; then come life, come death, still we shall say, the Lord has done all things well. If it be the Lord's will, I could like to live many years as a laborer in his vineyard; but if the adorable Master, on reviewing his servants, and appointing their work, should find your friend an intruder, it will be an unspeakable blessing to receive a pardon, and die.

"I want to say many more things to you on this head, but as I have other things to say, must attend to them. Miss W—— is now here, and has been expressing her anxious wish that you would favor her with a letter. Now, my dear girl, will you accept of her as a friend, in lieu of your Charlotte? I am sure you will find her much more intelligent, and consequently a more desirable correspondent. I do not mean to say she will supplant me in your affections: I trust the tie which binds our hearts is indissoluble, and however it may link us with others, will still retain its strength.

"We had a more than ordinary meeting last Sunday night at Wolvey, when Sutton preached his farewell sermon. A great number of Hinckley friends were here, and man-

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ifested unusual interest; in short, this was the case with the whole congregation: I never saw the place so crowded before on any occasion: many could not obtain admittance. I ought to tell you that Mr. F—— is more than kind; we paid him a visit on Monday, when he would not spare us out of his presence at all, and to-morrow we are to dine with him again: he has ordered us a very handsome present of books in London, and offers letters of introduction to his friends."

At length the hour arrived in which she was to take her *last* farewell from most of her relatives and friends—her *last* farewell; for, as Cowper observes, where she is

"———————— gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown."

If the friends who parted from her then, meet her in heaven, they will part no more. The following account of the parting scene was sent by a friend who was present at the time, to another of Mrs. Sutton's friends.

"My esteemed friend,—From the pungency of feeling which appeared to pervade your breast, when you dropt the hand and caught

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the last glance of our affectionate Charlotte, I hasten to relieve your anxiety as to the concluding scene. I met them at Smockington, a little time previous to their departure by the coach, and witnessed a scene which I expect ever to contemplate with melancholy pleasure. After speaking, for a short period, to the many who were present, on the subject of her departure, she proposed the singing of a hymn, which she gave out by two lines at a time, and set the tune:

> "Bless'd be the dear uniting love,
> That will not let us part."

After this she sat down, and taking her sister S—— upon her knees, in a tone of superior affection, she addressed her on the most important of all subjects, with a magnanimity I shall never forget. The distressed girl lay upon her breast in a state of indescribable feeling, and never left till the arrival of the mail. Here we all took the last, last look, the last sad farewell, whilst S——, locking her arms over the neck of her sister, reiterated the exclamation, 'I shall never see her more!' They were compelled to be separated, and with a firm step, a cheerful sentence, a tearless eye, she entered the coach, which hur-

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ried her from the spot: she waved her handkerchief from the window, till they reached the summit of the hill, and immediately disappeared. We stood motionless for a while, and every face but that of Charlotte's was covered with tears. Our next meeting will be at the tribunal! There is something momentous indeed in the consideration! O that it may be with joy. May the God of Charlotte be our God; and if he be, we may assuage our grief. Christianity gives a dignity to friendship which nothing else can inspire, and points us to other, to purer scenes—where adieus and farewells are never heard again."

After leaving Wolvey, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton passed several days in London or its neighborhood, waiting for the sailing of the Euphrates, in which their passage was taken. Here she saw her father once more, and sent the following simple, but exquisitely touching note to her mother. It sufficiently explains itself, but must reach every heart that loves the Bible.

"Dear Mother,—I promised you my Bible, though I confess I did so very reluctantly; but the fact is, I cannot spare it. I am

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afraid you will think this unkind, but what can I do? The thought of parting with it, I can truly say, is more painful than any thing I ever experienced. I think I could spare any thing you could ask rather than my Bible. You know, my dear mother, it has been, and it is now, my dearest earthly treasure. It has been to me a most faithful companion; which has, at all times, and on all occasions, administered advice and consolation; and when I recollect, in how many trying circumstances, it has yielded me support and comfort, I feel that we are inseparable. I know you will think this a weakness, and so it is; and you would think it more so if you could enter into my feelings. But I cannot say more, only let me know that you are satisfied without it."

In this Bible was found written after her decease.

"My dear Mother,

"By giving you *this Bible*, I am giving you what the blessed God has often made to me more than my necessary food; and now that it may convey to you every needful good, is the prayer of

Your affectionate daughter,

C. SUTTON."

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After much tedious delay, as to the sailing of the Euphrates, several friends accompanied the missionaries to Gravesend, expecting there, in one of the cabins of the vessel, to commend them to God, and then to part. This satisfaction, however, was denied them: wrong information had again been given respecting the time of the ship's departure, nor had she reached Gravesend, after another disappointment something similar to this: at length, quite suddenly, they were directed to go on board, and the Euphrates sailed.

The following memorandum of her embarkation was found among her private papers, and the letter addressed to Miss Goadby contains some farther notices of the same subject, with an account of her feelings in view of her important undertaking.

"*Aug.* 5. This is with me a memorable day. It is three years this day since I was permitted to join myself to the Lord's people on earth, and to-day, for the first time in my life, am quiting my native shores, and bidding a last adieu to England. Have this morning taken a final farewell of our dear brother James, our last English friend. Now, blessed God, be our especial friend."

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TO MISS G——.

"*Euphrates, Aug.* 27, 1824.

"My dear E——,

"As I hope for an opportunity of forwarding a few lines to England for one friend and another, my E—— must be one of the number. The sickness has hitherto prevented that variety so conducive to gratification. But to you, my beloved E——, I would premise that *I shall purposely omit the recital of recurring incidents;* and for this reason, there will be many, among my necessary correspondents, to whom little else would be acceptable; and, circumstanced as I now am, you will not wonder that I should want one dear friend, to whom I can tell the dealings of the Lord with my soul, and who can participate in the joys and sorrows arising from such dealings; and whom, my dear E——, shall I select but her who has hitherto been, in some measure, a sharer of them, and whose affection convinces me she would gladly sacrifice any little selfish gratification which might arise from immediate communication to oblige her Charlotte? But I might add, that I *fully expect* you will see every thing which may be written to my beloved parents and sisters: it is my

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earnest request that nothing may prevent a *growing* intimacy between you and them.

"Have you heard of the manner in which we left England, or rather the circumstances attendant on leaving? We did not, as we fully anticipated, leave accompanied by friends, owing to the repeated delays of the ship. Our friends, who kindly accompanied us from London and Edmonton, were obliged to leave us, (and what was to me far worse,) without mutual commendations to the God of all mercies: this was to me a hard case, (it was what our other friends enjoyed.) Our friends from Sevenoaks, who came the following day, were obliged to leave us in the same way, and when the time arrived for departure we were alone, except our dear brother J——, who did not leave us till the ship was under weigh, when we parted with mutual sorrow. But this was not all the gloom: my dear S. was taken ill the night previous to coming on board, and continued so for several days; the complaint proved to be a gathering in the head: he was at length relieved by the application of leeches and a great discharge of matter; but almost before this was effected I was confined to my bed with sickness.

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"It is now upwards of three weeks since we set sail: this is the first day I have been able to walk without assistance. This affliction, my E——, you will expect has tried my patience; yes, and blessed be God that it has. I felt very unwilling to relinquish my own will at first, and I found many urgent pleas against being thus dealt with, especially that of losing time, as I had proposed to myself to devote the first part of it to acquiring preparatory information: another was, that it was rendering me useless while appearances of usefulness were probable, there being on board two native women to whom I could have access: a third was, that as my Sutton's comforts were necessarily diminished by my illness, he might become impatient: but these specious arguments were as often rejected as proposed; and my gracious Teacher led me to see that they were, in fact, nothing better than Juggernaut himself. This reconciled me to a renunciation of them, and ever since I have been saying, Do unto me what seemeth good unto thee. I would be any thing or nothing so that thou art glorified.

"Our comfort on board exceeds what we expected; the Captain's* kindness is beyond

* Capt. E. Meade; since died at sea.

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expression; we have with us two or three persons among the passengers who speak Hindostance, and our surgeon, (who is an affable young man,) is studying it: this will induce us to have a try at it: and what will you say to my presumption, if I tell you I am not without the distant hope that we may raise an additional school in an additional language. I dare not think of so much, if it could not be said, 'I can do all things through Christ,' &c. Do not delay writing after receiving this, and direct 'Mission House, Serampore,' the information to be confined to ministers and churches, or whatever concerns the cause of our Redeemer.

"I perceive, my E——, that it is not my blessed Master's intention that my path should be *too smooth*. At this I rejoice, not because afflictions are joyous, or because I consider myself better able to bear them than others, but because *I have never yet had one trial for which I have not had abundant cause for gratitude*; and I believe I never shall have unless the Lord, in righteous judgment, should permit them to have a very different effect from what they have had hitherto; for 'trials make the promise sweet,' and always

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'give new life to prayer.' This is the cause why I could always adopt the language of Pearce;—

> 'More the treacherous calm I dread,
> Than tempests bursting o'er my head.'

Do you ask whether, on account of this discovery, I wish myself released from the service of my Lord, and again enjoying the loved society of Christian friends in England? I reply no, my Ellen; no! On the contrary, I feel *increasing* satisfaction to think I am in the path of duty; then what else can be necessary to render me *completely satisfied?* This is all I wanted, and having this I am graciously delivered from one foreboding fear as to myself. This is a great mercy. I wish I could feel sufficiently thankful for it; for when looking forward to the vast, and apparently insupportable trials of a Martyn, a Brainerd, or others who have gone, I always feel that I have only *a life* to lose; only a *body* to be tormented by men, and my adorable Master has engaged to take all the care upon himself, and to afford me strength equal to my day. Thus supported, who can faint? The Lord knows I am not worthy to be ranked among *Missionaries*; but I do ear-

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nestly desire the cultivation of his spiritual vineyard among men, and if he condescend to employ and make me useful, my nothingness will not prevent. But the necessity of divine teaching is absolute: and if we might not expect it, who with abilities so slender as your Charlotte, might persevere. The study of language appears a dry employment, and what would neither fill our mouth with praises or petitions; but experience tells me that the latter never fail to facilitate our engagements. I hope, therefore, this will furnish a prayer for my Ellen also; for it is his prerogative, whose the mind is, to *enlarge it*. I know we are too apt to attempt a light burden in our own strength. This may be the reason why we sometimes stumble sooner under a light than a heavy one. I long to say much more to you, but must forbear. Pray for us, my dear, for *wisdom to direct*, *zeal to persevere, and grace to deny self*; for how many ways there are to sin, no living mortal knows."

Wherever the power of true piety is felt, its happy possessor cherishes sincere concern for the eternal welfare of others. This concern frequently appears in the correspondence of Charlotte Sutton.

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TO MRS. J. C——.

"My dear Aunt,

"I hope you will accept this as the best token I shall be able to offer you of my concern for your welfare, and the last testimony of my love. It is probable that no opportunity will be afforded us of meeting again, until we meet before *the Judge of heaven and earth*, there to hear a final decision, either 'Come, ye blessed;' or, 'Depart, ye cursed.' Under such circumstances, my dear Aunt, what must I write? what shall I say? what that will bear perusal on your part, and reflection on mine? I dare not do less than remind you of the *amazing love of Christ*. A theme which I hope will never cease to warm my heart, and which I hope will become *increasingly dear* to every person whom I love, but most especially to those for whom I bear the tenderest affection. To represent fully to you the love of Christ would be impossible. It is true we may see by his own word what he *has done* for us; but can we, my dear Aunt, tell what he is *now doing*, seeing that it is entirely owing to his gracious intercession, that we are still spared to pursue our various employments? and much less can

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we tell what he will do for us throughout eternity. He has said, 'Where I am, there ye shall be also;' and if, when we next meet, we are found to be his followers, I doubt not but we shall joyfully exclaim, 'Behold how he loved us!' and with the Apostle we shall doubtless add, 'His love which passeth knowledge.' But if, my dear Aunt, we can be so ungrateful as to forget this, our best Friend, while we live here; if we can lose all thoughts of his goodness, and bury our own souls in this world and its concerns, we cannot reasonably expect the continuance of that love which the adorable Friend of sinners is now manifesting towards us. *Now* he invites, 'Come unto me;' *now* he pleads with his heavenly Father, 'Spare it this year also.' But for how many years his patience may be thus exercised we cannot tell: it is possible that if, on his next visit, he find no fruit, he may say, 'Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?'

"Time, and my limits, forbid me to say more; but knowing that we are accountable to our great Master for the use or abuse of his great name and abundant love, let me once more entreat you to remember him, who

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has loved us, even unto death; who is still waiting to be gracious, and who has engaged, when we have done with this world, to take us to himself. And now, my dear Aunt, as I have no hope of seeing you until we meet before that dear Friend, of whom we have been speaking, may I hope that it will be our greatest care so to meet, that we may never part again. May I hope that you will pray for your unworthy friend, nay, constantly bear her upon your mind before God, that he may be pleased to accomplish his own purpose by so weak an instrument.

Adieu, from your affectionate

C. SUTTON."

The voyage of the Euphrates was long and tedious, but during its continuance several opportunities were afforded to Mrs. Sutton, of writing to her beloved relatives. In them she furnishes a lively description of the situation of herself and companions, and an animating view of her own hopes and spiritual comforts.

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TO MISS E. C——.

"My dear Betsy,

"I have been saying this thing to one, and that to another, and now I must have a word with you. I sometimes fancy I see you here very full of glee, taking off sailors, or else studying mischief. We have plenty of company on board, there being about 104 persons; nearly sixty of them are Lascars, or Indians, two black women, thirty sailors, and five cabin passengers besides ourselves, the three mates and the Captain. Our passengers are a Captain Y——, and his son. Dr. T., Mr. L., a Spanish gentleman, and Master E. We have no lady on board except myself. Among our sailors, there is a butcher, a sail-maker, and two carpenters: and about the cab'n is a steward, an obliging man, George, the captain's servant, Nazario, the Spaniard's man, Ram, (a Hindoo,) the Doctor's man, and Bob, the cabin boy. You will think we have a laughable medley, and truly we have. Some time ago, the Captain sent George, to an Auctioneer's to fetch a catalogue, when he returned with cap in hand to inquire "Please Sir, had I better take a wheelbarrow for it?"

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"The transition being easy from one kind of stock to another, I shall next begin with hogs: we have an old one, of the feminine description, a great number of young ones, which make very excellent pork, a cow which yields the richest and best milk I ever tasted, twenty or thirty sheep, which are folded in a long boat over the first part of the ship; where the butcher, whose job it is to attend to all the stock, feeds them and waters them from a glass bottle, out of which they drink as eagerly as any old tippler; upwards of 130 fowls, almost as many ducks, and a great number of geese. There are on board a great number of hams, and of dried neat's tongues; great quantities of salt fish, rice, potatoes, carrots, greens, pumpkins, fruit, wines of all kinds, and spirits. We do not get fresh fish, except that we have had plenty since we have been at Madeira. The other day the men caught a large shark and several young ones, and yesterday, what they call a shovel-nosed shark; its eyes were very large and fixed at the extremity of its long ears: it had a frightful appearance.

"By the time you get this we shall probably be a great way on our journey; and now

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my Betsy, I think I see you with your head against S——, and both of you inquiring, 'Don't you want to see us, and your dear father and mother? and are you quite happy in your new undertaking?' To the former, I must reply, I should love to see you all, but then I would not return and leave my new undertaking on any account: no, my Betsy, I wish, much rather wish, you would both follow me on the same errand, or that I could see you walking in a path which would, in a little time, land us on one spot, some happy spot, where would be no sickness to mar our pleasure, and no separation to wound our united hearts. Say, my Betsy, will you not walk in this way, that whether you should be first called from England, or I from India, one may stand ready to welcome the other to the abodes of love and peace?

Your dear

CHARLOTTE."

Madeira, Sept. 11, 1824.

"My dear Sally,

"The name of this month reminds me of times, and seasons, and I fancy that I see you busily running here and there to inquire

what game, and how much was killed yesterday, and what the day before; but I do not envy you, though my present situation affords me much less variety than the above inquiries and their accompaniments yield you. I purpose telling you a little about this place, but you must not consider it a description. You know I have not enough of the fanciful about me, to describe in glowing colors what deserves only to be shaded, and such I apprehend is the desert of Madeira when compared with Old England. We went on shore, on Friday, 3d inst., after being tantalized with the most romantic scenery imaginable, all the previous day: the mountains rising to the height of 3 or 4 miles, the tops of which on the brightest days, appear enveloped in clouds, present no appearance of being impervious by their foliage, all being barren except where the vine is cultivated, or where there is a spontaneous growth of fruits, or flowers. There is no grain of any kind grown upon the island; they get good potatoes, fine onions, and fruits of the most delicious kind, as citrons, oranges, pomegranates, quinces, figs, pines, peaches, pears, melons, bananas, apples; and spices, chillies and

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tomatoes; but their peaches are very inferior to what we get in England, and their apples not so good, owing to a want of cultivation. Perhaps, it may be accounted for, thus; the English families, (and there are several,) resident on the island, have but one object in view, that is, the acquisition of wealth. Consequently, they are *wine*, and not fruit and flower merchants, and the Portuguese are too indolent to do any thing that may be left undone. It is true, that the hedges are composed of myrtle, geranium, scarlet fuschia, roses, the passion, and other flowers of the finest tints and scents, while the Cassia, the verbena, the hydrangia, japonica, and many others, which only arrive to dwarf plants in England, grow here to large spreading trees. Evergreens are plentiful and some of them of the twining kind; and fine grapes of all sizes, and of the finest colors.

You will imagine Madeira a little paradise; but no, any person with any taste for the elegant, or with only the rudiments of order impressed on his mind, would feel himself surrounded by a wilderness, or mass of confusion, almost every thing beside the vine being left to nature's cultivation; and obser-

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vation teaches us that her bestowments are principally confined to the useful and beautiful, leaving the ornamental for her handmaid "art." The vine here is paid particular attention to, and affords the chief employment and sustenance of the inhabitants. It is trained over head with bamboos, laid across, which serve to support and expose it to the sun: this fruit is so plentiful that we can purchase three or four pounds for 6d. Lemons 6d. per dozen; oranges and figs, equally cheap. But I think you have had fruits and flowers enough. Now for manners and customs: the first thing which attracted my attention on shore was, the leathern bottles, made of sheep and goat skins, and retaining the exact shape of the animal, so that you might more easily imagine yourself among sheep themselves, than among bottles of wine, (only you must conceive them to be of Portuguese extraction, viz., having no wool, and dark brown skins.) It is a remarkable fact, that on the whole island, there is not a carriage of any description, the only thing which is used to convey their pipes of wine from place to place, is a small sledge not exceeding a foot and half in breadth, and

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six feet in length, drawn by a couple of bullocks, yoked together, and driven by unfeeling wretches, with nails fixed into large sticks with which they goad the poor animals, in the most barbarous manner. You will wonder at this manner of conveyance, in a celebrated place, like Funchall; but the fact is, the place is situated on the side of mountains lying as before described some miles in ascent, so that you constantly travel up hill or down; and the streets are exceedingly narrow, and rough paved, while a large gutter, paved for the purpose, lies exactly down the middle of each street, filled with a constant stream of water, issuing from the mountains, which would prevent any wheel from crossing. But though these water courses render the road impassable for any description of carriage, they appear to be of peculiar service to the inhabitants, any person being able, with very little difficulty, to turn a sufficient quantity of the water into his house, for every domestic purpose. The mode of travelling for gentlemen is confined to mules, ponies, or asses: the first are most common, and a sketch of our visit, on Wednesday last would, if I could give you a just one, convey-

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cate any information to your beloved children, I apprehend you will not consider it a failure in my promise if I dismiss daily accounts from a *log-book*, by conveying to you its particulars, where any have occurred, and giving you an outline of our own proceedings for one day, which will serve for all days, except when slight sickness, extra motion of the vessel, or some other cause, made a little deviation. My S. keeps a regular journal, which you will be sure to see; therefore, I think this method best; but if this do not meet your wishes, you have only to say, and I will endeavor to oblige you, though I think it is probable, that when a variety of events are occurring, it may be necessary for me to record them; but here you must suppose every day is nearly the same, brings constantly the same scenes, the same persons, the same conversation, and I might justly add, to the praise of our companions, and captain, the same comforts and unremitting kindness. Thus, my father and mother, you see goodness and mercy still follow us: we want nothing but more gratitude. But to my promise—after leaving Madeira we passed the Cape de Verd Islands,

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and saw one of them called Saint Antonio, supposed to be 7,500 feet high. Towards the latter end of this month, when between the tropics, we found it exceedingly hot, the thermometer sometimes rising as high as eighty-eight, or ninety degrees in the shade. About this time we were visited with squalls, viz. a great deal of wind and rain, a sight not very comfortable to the timid, and I should think, enough to fright en an unpardoned sinner. But here again the goodness of our God was manifested to us; we were kept in perfect peace, and not the shadow of a fear was permitted to cross our minds; and not unfrequently we sung,—

> 'This awful God is ours,
> Our Father and our Friend.'

"During the month of October several sharks were caught, and a kind of fish called boneta, which in appearance resembles beef; several dolphins were also caught: this is a beautiful fish, both to the eye and to the taste; we sometimes saw, here and there, a solitary bird called the Cape Pigeon, another, Mother Carey's Chicken; and these last few days, we have seen a great number of birds, among which is the albatross, a very beauti-

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ful bird and very large; it has been known to measure twenty-four feet, from point to point of the wings. Having no other trifles of this kind to relate, I shall now tell you how we spend our time. After rising in the morning, about six o'clock, we try at collecting a few sentences in Hindoostanee, and sometimes take a peep on deck; at eight we breakfast, after which we pace the deck probably for twenty minutes or half an hour, when we return for prayers; after reading and prayer, which probably occupies about an hour, my little black scholar attends to spelling, reading, repeating a few verses, which we try to imprint on his mind, and then help him to sing them; this beguiles another hour; he sometimes writes, and generally before breakfast, attends to fetch water, clean shoes, &c., when he repeats a short prayer. But for the remaining part of the day my S., with his books and pen, generally seats himself in the cuddy, and I employ myself in a similar way, until about three, when we dine; after which, and looking about a few minutes above, we return to our employ; at six we are called to tea, after which time we generally walk until candles

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are lighted, when we again seat ourselves in the cuddy, for reading, until about nine, when Jonah comes in to perform his part, and we, after reading and prayer, retire to rest. You will not suppose that we have no variation; we have different books, different conversations; sometimes we read together, sometimes sing, and sometimes review the way which the Lord has led us, and admire and bless the providence which has not only united our hands but our hearts. Yes, my dear mother, if one is more blessed than another in an affectionate husband, it is your Charlotte. I sometimes think his attention multiplies the occasions of carefulness, for he often finds them, where I see none. I have been on the whole tolerably well since leaving Madeira. I feel little or no anxiety about my health; in fact, my S. makes it his constant care to prevent this. Whether life or death await us can be of little consequence, if we be found waiting for the coming of our Lord. I have especial reason to be thankful for being freed from the terrors of this enemy; I would not boast, but through my dear and adorable Redeem-

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er's strength and merits, I hope, not only to meet him undismayed, but to welcome his appearance as the porter who must open for me the door of my Redeemer's kingdom, and introduce me to his presence. I know, my dear mother, that these remarks may cause a painful thought; but let it be but momentary; rather let it lead you into the more immediate presence of a gracious God in thankful adoration of his abundant goodness to such unworthy creatures, and there learn to say, *Thy will, O God, be done;* for his time is always best, and no matter which traveller first arrives, if the other is fast following.

"We think and talk of you, all by turns: we are as happy, as we wish to be in this world, we only want more of the Spirit of Christ Jesus.

Your affectionate

C. SUTTON."

The little black scholar, alluded to in this letter, was a poor destitute Portuguese boy, born in Calcutta, belonging to one of the Lascars on board. Mrs. Sutton felt a lively interest in this child, and expected he would

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be made over to her, as her own; but he was beguiled away from us, when we reached Calcutta. The following extracts from letters written by Mrs. Sutton and her husband, referring to him, may not be uninteresting.

Mr. S. writes: We have engaged to instruct a little Indian lad, of Potuguese extraction. Poor fellow, he appears to be in a most deplorable condition; his shirt seems not to have been washed since he left India, while he is most starved for want of common support. We have been exhibiting our skill in tailoring for him. His shirt, as black as his skin, we have exchanged for a new white one, and his filthy course jacket is superseded by one of striped jean: we have also given him a white cotton night-cap, in the place of his very dirty one. 'Fine feathers make fine birds.' In his case, the improvement made in his appearance, is surprising. As for himself, he did not seem to know which leg to set first. His fine black eyes sparkled with delight, while he gratefully made his acknowledgments. It would indeed have done you good to see him skip down the vessel, in order to display his new attire, while

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for myself, I could not suppress the tear of gratitude, that we were in any degree enabled to contribute to the comfort of one of the deluded children of darkness.

The Captain has kindly charged his steward to furnish him with victuals every day, while we hope to teach him to read for himself the way of life and peace.

Mrs. Sutton wrote respecting him:—

"Our little boy, improves very fast in reading, we look upon him as a peculiar chargo, and hope he may serve the cause of Christ. His ability and genius are of a superior cast, and though we are sometimes pained to see in him the characteristics of the native (levity and falsehood,) at others we are pleased with his remembrance of the instructions given. I was one day about to use a card, on which was printed the tenth commandment, which he had occasionally read; when, looking very seriously at me, he exclaimed, 'Ma'am no cut this, this God's Jesus Christ's words, book.' I need not tell you that the card was instantly laid aside, myself condemned, and Jonah's reproof commended. On another occasion, he set up for

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a teacher, and in two days only, taught a poor black woman all the alphabet; but growing tired of his office, he recommended his 'Missa,' who he said would 'teach her read Tesamen and Bible, and say prayers;' but on her wishing to decline prayers; he replied, 'You say prayer, must, or God no love you.'"

In addition to the little boy, Mrs. Sutton, took great pains with the two poor native women referred to. Her husband thought this a happy omen of the zeal and ardor with which she would long engage in similar work in India. But her Lord had otherwise determined. We now insert a few more extracts from her diary written during the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope.

"*Aug.* 27. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. He healeth all thy diseases; he forgiveth all thine iniquities. How shall I recount the goodness of God to my soul. This is the first day of being able to use my pen, after a long and tedious affliction, but one which has been abundantly blessed to my soul. He afflicteth not

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willingly, but for our profit. Have enjoyed a sweet nearness to my God in prayer; and I now feel that I have lost my own will in whatever may be his. O my God, keep me near to thee.

"29. The Lord's day, but no opportunity of going with his people to the house of God. Very unwell this morning; but was able, with assistance, to go on deck, and heard my S., from the Barren Fig Tree. The scene was a novel one to me; and the Lord enabled me to pray that we might be faithful.

"*Sept.* 2. My health indifferent; but, on the whole, rather better. Anxiously looking out, all day, for our desired haven: enjoyed the view of Madeira's romantic cliffs, and thought, but for the hope of doing some good to others, I could have wished myself alone, except my God, in the midst of them.

"12. A return of the best of days, and a review of the past week, might justly fill me with shame, so little gratitude have I felt; though, at times, I have been relieved of my sickness. Surely, he does well to afflict. 'I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him.' Went to hear a '*blind teacher*,' but met with a

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dear Christian friend. This revived our souls, and we could not sufficiently crowd the little time we spent together in songs of gratitude and praise. May this timely and interesting meeting never be forgotten by us!

"19. The return of another blessed Sabbath. My mind wandered to my dear friends in England; and, under any other circumstances, would have sighed to be with them; but, blessed be God, he teaches me that my business is not with time nor the things thereof. O may my will be constantly lost in his. I want no good beside. My S. preached on deck this day. I thought him more impressive than formerly. The audience very attentive, though the motion was so great, I was obliged to hold by ropes.

"20. Our little Jonah formed, for the first time, a part of our family, when calling on the God of Israel. Enjoyed sweet enlargement of soul at a throne of grace, and was enabled to say, in the prospect of a continued trial, 'Thy will be done.' Lord, keep me near unto thyself.

"21. Bless the Lord, O my soul. Some faint relish for divine things. O my soul, I

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charge thee cherish nothing else while in this vale of tears.

"23. Through mercy, my health tolerable; and the Lord appears to be giving me the desire of my heart. Were joined, at evening worship, by the steward and George.

"24. Did not feel sufficiently thankful for the renewed mercies of our God, but spent a comfortable hour in the evening. Did very little at Hindoostanee.

"25. Spent the morning in reading Henry's Commentary. Enjoyed a pleasing, and, I trust, a profitable conversation with my beloved S. We have lately been favored with some such opportu ities. O God, deign to bless them to our spiritual benefit. May they be the means of stirring up to more self-denial and persevering zeal.

"26. The return of another blessed Sabbath. Spent the morning in a prayerful, but rather confused state of mind; while the afternoon witnessed nothing but sloth and forgetfulness of God. Loitered our time on deck, the day being exceedingly hot, and spent a little time in prayer, but with confused ideas. Wisdom cometh only from above.

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"30. Read Henry's Commentary; but finding my health too uncertain to attend to Hindoostanee in the evening, was obliged to take the morning opportunity. Read missionary accounts. The account of Ward and Marshman's voyage filled me with sorrow and regret, that we were so far behind in our exertions; for our advantages, though not equal to theirs, are abundant. Lord, increase our zeal.

"*Oct.* 1. Graciously indulged with the presence of our Redeemer, though still the subject of the vilest thoughts.

"2. This morning, engaged with my S. in social prayer. Found it a good opportunity. Was mercifully delivered from embarrassment and formality, (i. e. in a great measure; but our best performances, even when we trust we have the Spirit's aid, will not bear a presentation, but in the *name of Christ*. O precious name!) but soon felt the suggestions of that accursed pride which never leaves me. O, to be freed from this vile foe.

"3. Sabbath morning. Rose early and bathed. Felt my soul wander to, and unite with our dear friends in England; but trust we enjoyed the presence of our adorable Lord, and held sweet communion. That two or

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three are within the promise, often comforts us while destitute of many; but yet I could wish to join my beloved brethren and sisters around his own table. To see the Lord in his sanctuary, is a soul-cheering sight: thought my S. prayed with unusual fervency. Could each say, there is nothing we desire besides thee.

"6. This day, when standing by the bed of an afflicted Portuguese, was concerned to hear her complain of, and accuse the Almighty with doing wrong. Felt jealous for the God of Israel, and could not help exclaiming, Lord, hasten the time when all thy creatures shall acknowledge that 'though darkness and clouds may be round about thee, *righteousness* and judgment are the habitations of thy throne.' The motion so great that I was unable to keep my head off the pillow. This encouraged slothfulness. O Lord, guard me from sin.

"11. The Lord graciously allows and enables me to plead with him for myself and others; sometimes with importunity, especially for our Jonah. Blessed be God, that we cannot be too importunate; but I ought rather to say, blessed be God, who has inclined

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me to approach him. O let my first petition be, Lord, teach me to *pray*.

"Every anecdote I read of beloved friends, who are gone before, teaches me more and more the necessity and utility of this blessed privilege. There is no evil from which a watchful, prayerful frame will not in a great measure, preserve us; but alas! such is the depravity of this vile heart, that this very duty is always mixed with sin, and prayer itself seems more especially to precede temptation.

"15. When contemplating the character of the Hindoos, and viewing all human efforts as totally ineffectual to *meet*, much less to overcome diabolical superstitions, my soul rejoices that *all power* is with our Almighty Saviour; that when he works, none can let. It is here I shield my feeble head, here hide my unworthiness and insufficiency, and glance at probabilities *only in the strength of the God of Israel*. Weak in body this day.

"16. Again my bodily health renewed, through the abundant mercy of my God; but I feel no anxiety. Come life or come death, if he appoint, I know it will be best. Bless ye the Lord, at all times, all ye his people; for our God is a *refuge for us*.

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"17. A return of the Lord's day. My S. preached on deck: saw one of the sailor boys affected to tears. Could not help hoping and praying. Lord, deepen conviction.

"18. Still feel desirous of sanctification. Blessed be God for this desire. It is one of the good and perfect gifts which cometh from above. Lord, be pleased to increase it, and to thy name be all the glory.

"22. With the pious Baxter, I wish never to feel anxious about the dealings of God with me and mine; and why should I? since I can bear testimony, he has never yet failed me of all he has promised, nor has he once erred in all his various dealings with soul or body. Then, 'bless the Lord, O my soul.'

"23. Still anxious that my concern should be confined to myself. Self needs all the eyes we have—all the care we can bestow, to guard it from robbing the blessed God.

"24. Feel anxious that Jonah should, in some way, serve our blessed Master. My S. preached on deck this morning. He sometimes requests my prayers. It shall be *this*, and this repeated—that he preach not *himself*, but Christ Jesus *the Lord*. Sent letters home.

"31. My S. preached on the character of

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the blessed God, as given by himself to Moses. O how oft have I, by rebellion and ingratitude, put his 'long suffering' to the test.

"*Nov.* 1. Our hands fully employed to-day, and our 'only great end,' too far out of sight. In the evening, endeavored to unite with our beloved friends in England, in calling upon our adorable Master, for the spread of his own dear cause. We found it good to be so employed. It was a melting opportunity both to myself and my S.

"2. Still engaged in worldly concerns. I find they have a tendency to divert the mind from God. How much more is due (if we may so speak) to those, who while they are diligent in laboring, are fervent in spirit, than to us, who, favored with all these advantages are living at such a poor dying rate.

"3. Feel not all that intenseness of desire to praise and glorify God—to be freed from sin, and live above the world, as I could wish. Quicken me, O my God, according to thy word. Overtaken in sin, PRIDE, that most easily besetting sin, gained the ascendency before I was aware. For this my soul smarted. My Master was gracious, and again manifested his long suffering. O how long shall I weary

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him with sin, and make him to bear with my iniquities!

"11. These few last days, have been prevented from using a pen, by the constant and violent motion of the ship, but during thi time goodness and mercy have followed me: have felt much pleasure and gratitude in reviewing the way by which the Lord has led me, and especially in finding the *views* and *feelings* of myself and my beloved husband assimilating more and more *daily*. Met with a remark in Baxter, which my S. says should be written in gold, 'If thy meditations tend to fill thy note book with notions and good sayings concerning God, and not thy heart with longings after him and delight in him, for aught I know, thy book is as much a Christian as thyself." Saints Rest. p. 268.

A few days after the last record in her diary, and which was indeed the last she wrote during the voyage, she arrived at the Cape of Good Hope. Here, as in other places, Mrs. Sutton much endeared herself to a number of Christian friends. From this place she wrote several letters to her friends in England, but the following, addressed to the

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brother of Mr. S. is the only one that has come into the possession of the writer.

"*Cape of Good Hope, Nov. 23.*

"My dear James,

"By the good hand of our God upon us, we arrived safely at this place on the 14th inst. and are staying at the house of the Rev. Doctor Philip, from the London Missionary Society, by whom, and his amiable partner, we are treated with the greatest attention and hospitality. On some accounts we regret this delay in our voyage, on others it may be for the best. It may, however, afford us satisfaction, that we were brought here by an unavoidable circumstance, and should excite our gratitude, that while we were permitted to see danger, we were preserved from feeling its effects. A few days before my S. began this, we had been tossed about with heavy seas, and at length we found it had so much impaired our mainmast, that it would not bear sail; on this account the Captain determined on putting into the Cape for repairs, and a most providential circumstance it appears for him. Many persons are in the habit of visiting the Cape for their health,

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from all parts of India, and these frequently find great difficulty in getting back, so few outward bound ships being allowed to call, on account of its dangerous port, or perhaps for want of insurance, which is only obtained for certain parts of the year. It happens that no ship has been here for these last nine months; the consequence is, a great addition to our number. I suppose it will not be to our convenience. We have given up our fine airy cabin, not by constraint, but by choice; for besides its being an object to accommodate as many as possible, we felt we ought to consider it so, to the Captain; as he obtained readily for the adjoining one, (which Mr. L. gave up) £500: the Captain in return, obliges us by every accommodation in his power. We expect ten or eleven cabin passengers, beside children and servants, perhaps not less than 25 in all. We are sorry to find the Cape a receptacle of vice and villany, deposited chiefly by the *English*, for we understand that the *Dutch*, with all their characteristic vulgarity and indelicacy, far excel the others in morality. It is a degrading statement, that amidst a population of 25,000 of almost all nations, *Englishmen* should be the worst;

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but so it is. Here are two established churches, called the Lutheran, and the Dutch; a chapel for the Dutch, and another built by Dr. P., in the midst of opposition, for the English, a number of Mahomedan mosques, and a 'Mother of Abominations.' Schools are increasing in number, a Bible and Tract societies are formed. The interior of the country, is sharing the attention of the wise and good, and Missionaries are waiting and watching for openings to different stations; one of these, a Mr. Robson, is with Dr. P. acquiring the necessary language, and expects to proceed to Latakoo, a distance of 7 or 800 miles. The others, Witworth and Snowdell, from the Wesleyan Society, intend journeying in another direction as soon as practicable. This is a faint sketch, and the last part seems to throw a gleam of light on the first; but alas! it is but a gleam, for darkness still covers this part of the world, and gross darkness the people.

"A *weekly market* for slaves is still tolerated at this place, and the abominable and horrid *practices* to which these poor creatures are *compelled by their masters and mistresses*, are such as would shock the feelings of the most

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depraved of the human species: they cannot be told. The Wesleyans are exceedingly friendly. My S. has preached for them twice. We expect to leave here in two or three days, and our passage will perhaps be about two months longer, so that by the time you get this, we shall have reached Calcutta, from which place we hope again to address you. You will receive this we hope, by a dear Christian friend bound to England from Madras; a man who like the apostle has been abundant in labors. Mysterious is the providence which obliges him to quit his post, but the Lord's ways and thoughts are not as ours: let us, my dear brother, constantly pray for submission to the Divine will, for we know not what is before us; and feel unceasing gratitude that our burthen shall never be greater than our strength, nor our temptation such from which there will be no escape. O my brother, help us to praise the God of all our mercies. Goodness and mercy encompass our every step, and infinitely exceed our highest praise.

Affectionately yours,

C. SUTTON."

A few extracts from a letter of Mr. Sutton, are inserted to carry forward the account

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of the voyage, until the Euphrates reached India.

"Dear Brother,

"Having been, by the gracious hand of our God, conducted in safety to this land of desolation and death, I will attempt a brief account of our mercies by the way. We left the Cape on the last Sunday in November, and made Saugur the 13th February, Sunday afternoon. Notwithstanding our voyage has been a very long one, it has been remarkably pleasant, and one continued scene of mercy. Of our Captain, and his attention to us, we cannot speak too highly: he was anxious every day to promote our comfort, and indeed that of all his passengers: we felt a mutual regret at parting. Our ship's company consisted of 17 adults, most of them connected with the East India Company, and four children, which together with servants, and sailors, made about 140 persons: out of this large number, many of them old people, not one died, nor did we meet with any serious accident, excepting the poor boy at the Cape.*)

* A poor boy who cut the wrong rope of a boat, that was hanging over the ship's quarter, and was in consequence precipitated into the sea, and drowned.

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We were treated with universal respect, and received from the passengers many tokens of kindness and friendship. Our religious privileges were very great and very many, considering that we were on board a ship. We had preaching regularly all the way on Lord's day morning, at which all the passengers and most of the sailors attended. It was highly gratifying to witness the very serious attention that was manifested, while the cleanly appearance of the men, and neat trim of the vessel, reminded us of the day of rest. Every rope was coiled up, and all business laid aside which was not absolutely necessary to be done. On these occasions, I conducted the service, with the exception of singing, in the same way as in England. The mornning service employed from an hour, to an hour and a quarter. Beside the morning service, we had another in the cuddy, on an evening, when I usually read a chapter, and then addressed my hearers from some portion of it, for about twenty minutes, and concluded with prayer: these opportunities have often been productive of very serious feelings; some have often been seen to weep, both sailors and passengers—and particularly

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——, of whom we feel disposed to hope the best; in short, the very great attention, always observed, was very encouraging. In addition to these Sabbath-day privileges, we had a very comfortable social prayer-meeting, every evening, in the cabin of Mrs. B. one of our passengers from the Cape, a lady distinguished in India, (as well as her husband,) by exalted piety, active benevolence, and extensive influence.

Of Mrs. B. it would be difficult to say too much; her love for religion, is not confined within the walls of the Church, but like the fructifying river it spreads, and enriches, and beautifies wherever its influence extends. While I am paying this just tribute of respect to her character, I cannot but feel grateful to our heavenly Father, for furnishing us with such a friend. Our party at family prayer, consisted of Mrs. B. and her brother, a Mr. T., Judge and Magistrate in Bengal, Mr. and Mrs. P., a servant of Mrs. B., my dear wife, and myself. I trust that all, with the exception of the servant, are sincere seekers after salvation. Respecting our labors, we can say, our merciful God has not entirely withholden his blessing upon them, among our-

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selves, and those alluded to above. We have experienced many seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and occasional heart-felt views of our depravity, and unworthiness, which have driven us closer to our atoning Saviour. O how precious are such seasons! Among the sailors, though we cannot but feel deeply so little is done, yet we have not labored altogether in vain. Of one, we have much pleasure in saying, we believe him to be really converted to God: his conduct has been very exemplary, and gives us much reason for thankfulness. Several others are under serious impressions, and feel fully satisfied of the necessity of a change of life and heart; their language respecting their unfavorable situation is truly affecting: a ship's forecastle, is a hell upon earth. Oh, a sailor needs great grace, but Christ is sufficient; I fear lest their ungodly companions should seduce them, and rob them of those desires, which, if encouraged and nourished, with God's grace, and daily prayer, would lead them to joy and peace, unspeakable and full of glory. I could not forbear weeping at leaving them in such desperate circumstances. Oh that God may be with them,

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and mature the work, and at least snatch some as brands from the burning. Who can tell—we may hope and pray, for with God nothing is impossible. I preached to them the last Sabbath, from "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and the word of his grace," &c. And in the evening from "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." They were affecting seasons. Oh, that the seed sown on board the Euphrates, may be productive of an abundant harvest, wherever those who received it may be placed.

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CHAPTER V.

Arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Sutton in India—Journey to Calcutta—Remarks on Missionary Labor, Schools, &c. Correspondence—Diary—Sickness and Death of Mrs. Sutton—Reflections.

Well has a Christian poet observed, that

'Long do they live, nor die too soon,
Who live till life's great work is done.

This sentiment was strikingly illustrated in the subject of this brief memoir. Charlotte Sutton worked while it was called to-day. It is true, that a great part of her life she was placed in very unfavorable circumstances, and where the sphere of usefulness was far too limited for her active benevolence. Yet still she accomplished much, much more than many have done with far greater advantages. Enough, we trust, has been said to justify thi

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remark, and to show how fast she was ripening for holier employments, and a far more extended sphere of usefulness, in the heavenly world.

On Feb. 20, 1825, Mrs. Sutton and her husband landed at Garden Reach, at the hospitable residence of Mr. B——, a few miles below Calcutta. While passing up the Hoogly, a branch of the river Ganges, which flows close by the city of Calcutta, they observe, 'we felt extremely anxious to get to our journey's end, and engage in our great work. Every thing presents a strange appearance; men, beasts, trees, and even the grass and fruits, remind us we are very far from happy England. We were very soon surrounded by crowds of natives, with their naked bodies, and almost unintelligible jargon. We thought for a moment, with something like dismay, Are those the creatures among whom we are to labor? O, my dear Sir, it is very difficult to maintain those feelings of tender compassion towards them with which we left England; their abominable idolatries, their duplicity, their ingratitude, their determination to cheat, to lie, to steal, with every species of wickedness, disgust the mind and

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harden the heart, until we can feel as well as remember, they are immortal creatures, for whom the Saviour shed his blood, and that so much the more as they are desperately wicked, they stand in need of the sanctifying effects of the gospel. It is little conceivable by those who dwell among Christian society, what a tendency the conduct of the natives has to disgust the mind, and blunt the best feelings of the Christian. Oh that we may always feel for the poor depraved Hindoos, as Missionaries of the Lord Jesus Christ ought to feel. In passing up the Hoogly, we were struck with astonishment at the vast population on its banks: we had heard of swarms of natives, but we had never conceived of them; they are literally innumerable. But ah, they know not God, neither do they desire to know—but the time shall arrive when all these of India shall come. The country presents a very interesting appearance; the trees are very beautiful and numerous, and the crowded villages are seen in every direction seated in the midst of beautiful and fruitful groves; here and there an idol's temple is just discernible, and the din of poojah (worship,) breaks upon the ear, and reminds us

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we are in a Heathen land. How pleasant is the thought, that this moral wilderness shall become a fruitful field; and in the place of idol temples, shall be seen the temples of the living God. It will be so, and this is all our hope; without this belief, a Missionary would immediately turn round, and leave India to perish in her sins. The Jackals make a horrible noise all night, and at first lead you to suppose some dreadful murder is committed. The Musquitoes are still more annoying; at first, however, we escaped unhurt, but now they make sad work with us. One of the most disgusting scenes you meet with in passing up the Hoogly, is the dead bodies floating down with the tide, while the kites and vultures are tearing them to pieces as they move along: this, however, is not so common as formerly, as there are boats employed to sink them, especially near Calcutta. We reached Garden Reach, about five miles from Calcutta, on Saturday, the 19th of February, and went ashore to our kind friend's, Mrs. B's.

In the afternoon I went up to Calcutta, leaving Mrs. S. at home, and soon found the Brethren Pearce, Yates, Lawson, Tenney,

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&c. of the Particular Baptist denomination; (but here Particulars and Generals are the same.) It would be difficult to state the joy and affection with which they received me, and welcomed me to India. We mingled our feelings of gratitude together for a little while, and then I returned to Garden Reach.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutton met with a most cordial reception from their beloved fellow laborers both at Calcutta and Serampore. Although their stay was limited to within two weeks, yet in this brief space Mrs. S. much endeared herself to many of the brethren and sisters at each of these places. This was very pleasingly manifested by the very affectionate manner in which her death was spoken of, and her character referred to in their different publications, and by their letters of condolence to her husband. The following letter to her parents, contains some brief particulars of her history, until the time of her arrival at Cuttack; the principal Missionary station in Orissa.

TO MR. AND MRS. C——,

Cuttack, March 18, 1825.

"My beloved Father, Mother, and Sisters,

"I feel partly obliged to address you all

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together, lest I should not find time, under present circumstances, to write you separately: you will not, I think, impute it to a decreasing regard for you; no, a separation like ours has no tendency to this, though, blessed be God, such have hitherto been his unspeakable mercies to us, that we cannot complain of having forsaken friends, for he continues to show himself our best Friend, by comforting our hearts and enabling us to rejoice exceedingly in our present circumstances and prospects, by keeping us in some degree sensible of his goodness, and looking for our happiness in him alone; and the friends who have been raised up to serve us in every possible way, exceed enumeration. Now, to you, my beloved parents and sisters, who feel so tenderly for my welfare, this must be gratifying news. O, tell me, will you not ascribe it to the good hand of our God upon us? will you not say, with David, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul?' But I must tell you a few particulars. Our dear brother Reeves leaving us so hastily at the Cape, prevented you hearing further from us then. We stayed with Dr. Philip, and his good wife, nearly a fortnight; when we agai

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set sail, accompanied by ten new passengers, five ladies and five gentlemen, besides children and servants, I suppose in all nearly thirty persons. We then gave up our fine airy cabin, as we could not feel comfortable to keep it, while the Captain could obtain £500 for its use; with such numbers on board, so much extra cargo and provisions, we were confined for want of room, you may suppose, and in consequence of the heat, which was very often greater than the hottest summer-day in England, and my situation, you will suppose my exertion was very little, compared with what I had formerly been accustomed to: it is true I did a little with my needle.

"I must tell you of one in particular, a lady, of whose genuine piety, kindness, and high respectability and influence, it would be difficult to say too much, Mrs. B——; she was, mother, a benefactress and Christian friend to me; I regularly slept in her cabin to avoid the heat of my own, and almost daily she was sending me something, besides employing herself for hours in the day for me. Thus you see, my dear mother, how a good and gracious God can and does raise us up

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friends, even before we need them. O may he ever preserve us from losing sight of the Giver in the gift.

"Our passage from the Cape was long: in twelve weeks we landed at the residence of Mrs. B——, which was about four miles on this side Calcutta. On Saturday, Feb. 20, my S. went with Mrs. B.——, in her carriage, to Calcutta that evening, but I was not allowed to stir; he met with Pearce, Yates, Lawson, and other dear brethren in Calcutta, who received him joyfully, and were as anxious for our removal to Calcutta, as Mrs. B—— could be for our remaining with her; notwithstanding this, however, we were only permitted to be driven there on the Sunday, in their close carriage for fear of the sun, and to return to dinner.

"On Monday we went to Calcutta, where we saw the afore-mentioned brethren, their dear wives, and Dr. Marshman; on Tuesday the bungalow was sent from Serampore, and by five or six o'clock in the evening we were safely landed at the hospitable Mission House. I cannot pretend to tell you half the affection, and joy, and general satisfaction with which we were received; every one

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bid us welcome, and considered us at home; we could not, however, consider ourselves so, while at such a distance from our more immediate colleagues: our first anxiety, therefore, was directed to our manner of travelling, the distance being two hundred and ninety miles, and the season unfavorable for going by water; and, on the other hand, the losing so much time by the way, with many other disadvantages, caused us very many perplexities, especially as my dear S. was determined to take no step which was opposed to my mind, or would endanger my health, nor would he be persuaded to leave me behind amidst all these difficulties. My S. soon found a plan which so far answered all the objections of friends, that we proceeded on our way without hesitation as to the path of duty; and by the good hand of our God upon us, we are safely lodged beneath the roof of brother and sister Lacey, with whom we consider ourselves quite at home. Brother Lacey met us about 100 miles on the way; you may conceive something like the joy we mutually felt; our brethren appeared to feel it especially, for, having had information of our leaving England three

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months before our arrival, they began to doubt of our safety. You will want to know more things than I can possibly stay to tell you; but I must be brief. I need not say any thing about our comforts; they far, very far, exceed any thing which we had anticipated or desired. I assure you the first petition which arose from my heart was, that we might be delivered from SELF; for, considering the circumstances under which we arrived in a heathen land, *self* appeared to be the most likely idol. O, let me beg of you constantly to pray for us, that in the midst of such great and innumerable mercies, we may ever be preserved from *indulging self*, from *depending on self*; but that we may learn to deny ourselves and take up our cross, not living after the flesh but after the Spirit. The God of nature has not left India an unfinished part of his creation, but has furnished it with *every requisite* for the temporal wants of its residents; and nothing, I apprehend, but the artificial wants of the *pampered* European, renders *one* article *essentially necessary* in this highly favored land.

"Brother Peggs is living about two miles distant; brother Bampton about fifty miles

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away, but he and his good wife are coming hither to partake of the general joy; they appear to form indeed one happy family, and we hope never to diminish their degree of happiness.

"But a word for ourselves; you will necessarily feel anxious for our mutual affection and happiness. I would, my beloved parents, with exalted feelings of gratitude to our heavenly Father, acknowledge that our cup of blessing *both in and with each other*, constantly overflows. My dear S. is much more than I ever expected in the relations of *Husband and Christian;* in short, I feel that I am utterly unworthy of such a friend, and can only ascribe it to the continued goodness of God that I am thus abundantly blessed. I need not tell you that God has given me the desire of my heart in permitting me to rest on heathen shores; but my faith is not yet at an end."

The period for Charlotte Sutton's departure from this world, now drew on apace. How ripe she was for a better, has been pleasingly evidenced in her confidential communications to her nearest relatives. The few letters written by her after this time

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breathe the same spirit of piety; intermingled with remarks respecting the country or the people to whose welfare she had devoted herself.

TO MR. AND MRS. C———.

"My beloved Parents,

"Knowing, as I do, the interest you feel in the most trivial things which concern or befal us, I cannot take up my pen but with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret;—regret, because in this far distant land we find it impossible to gratify you individually, or even collectively, with a recital of daily occurrences.

"You will perceive, from the sketch given you, that we have hitherto enjoyed an almost uninterrupted series of blessings; but, perhaps, the greatest of these has been, and continues to be, that union of soul, (and I may add, of sentiment) and heartfelt tenderness towards each other, which renders us the happiest of the happy. This inestimable blessing did not attend our union of hands, nor did we enjoy it for nearly, if not quite, the first two months after our marriage; each party felt the burden an almost insupportable

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one, but neither could ascertain the real cause; at length, however, we were brought to look beyond an earthly source, for this desirable enjoyment, and, blessed be God! it was not long withheld; we could soon mutually praise him, that he had not suffered us to find happiness in any thing inferior to himself; for could we have done this, we should, instead of looking upon each other (as I trust we now do) as a loan from the hand of our heavenly Father, who constantly retains the right of recalling at pleasure, have forgotten the Giver, and a resumption of his own, might have given rise to all the rebellious feelings of which our ungrateful hearts are capable.

"You will not, I hope, my dear parents, for so I must call you, feel more concerned for the safety of your children in this inconceivable (for such it is to you) climate, than accords with your knowledge of the superintending care and goodness of a gracious God, even though I should tell you a little about it. It appears the seasons are divided into three,—the cold, the wet, and the hot: it is now said to be only the commencement of the latter, and while I am sitting without a great part of my dress, the perspiration is

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dropping from every part of me, except prevented by a sponge. No European can expose himself to the sun, even for five minutes, without endangering his constitution, and probably his life. You must suppose that this necessarily cramps the exertions of Missionaries in this country, and on this account I felt some disappointment; but the custom of very early rising, and going out before the sun rises and after he sets, in some measure makes up for it. But the heat is not the only annoyance of the *little* kind, (for so we must call things connected only with the body,) the insects are exceedingly troublesome. While sitting round a light in the evening, you are surrounded with musquitoes, flying bugs, hornets, grasshoppers, beetles, and various kinds of flies; while on the wall you see lizards in all directions, and not unfrequently the thatch of the Bungalow contains serpents, rats, mice, squirrels, and other vermin."

On April 2d, the day but one before she became a mother, she wrote a letter to a friend in England; but thinking it too small, she began another on a larger sheet. This she was not permitted to finish. The sheet of paper on which it was begun, conveyed

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the painful information of her early departure.

In the former of these last efforts of her pen, after speaking of the Hindoos' listlessness and inattention to the glorious Gospel, as enough to damp the warmest zeal, if not supported by a firm dependence on the promises of a faithful God, she proceeds—

"Missionaries often need the prayers, the united fervent prayers, of all Christians, and though we do not covet starvation for these frail bodies, yet, I would say, if the friends of Missions feel obliged to withhold one, let it be their money, rather than their prayers. I would urge this the more, because we are exhorted, under certain circumstances, to take no thought for the former, but never so with regard to the latter. No! but the uniform declaration amounts to—Ask, Ask, Ask;—'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest,' —'I will be inquired of for these things,'— 'Ask of me, and I will give thee,' &c. &c."

In the letter she commenced, but finished not, the same subjects are referred to more fully.

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"*Cuttack, April* 2, 1825.

"My dear Brother,

"I am taking an early opportunity of complying with your kind request, not because I feel more competent to such a correspondence than my dear sisters, but because I feel it to be an additional privilege to the many already bestowed by the God of providence on an individual so unworthy as myself.

"My dear Sutton has, I believe, given you an outline of every thing connected with our voyage, our landing, and visit to Calcutta and Serampore; but the half of our mercies yet remain untold; in fact, it would be impossible to convey to you an idea of the favors which awaited us in every direction, especially from the affection with which we were received by all our dear brethren and sisters of every name;—all bid us welcome to this land of darkness, and assured us of their need of assistance: this assurance did not, however, appear so evident in Calcutta and Serampore as it does at this place; for both those highly favored spots now contain much Christian society, compared with other parts of India. Many plans are already adopted for the spread of Christianity; others are rising into notice,

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and receive a support from the public which I certainly never expected to witness on my arrival in India; but the long hidden leaven has fermented, it continues to ferment, and blessed be God for this evidence, that it shall do so until the whole lump be leavened.

"I must confess that my ignorance of the state of society here, or, perhaps I might say, the impossibility of entering fully into the obstacles arising from the native character, in its present degraded, or rather depraved state, an oppressive climate, but above all, from that inconceivably strong hold of satan, caste, had allowed me to form very different notions of Missionary pursuits from what I find to be really practicable. The first and last of these, give rise to the most painful feelings imaginable, for every one assures us that there is no possible method of gaining the affections of the Hindoos. No, a stranger to the God of love, he offers no sacrifice even to his gods but what fear or mercenary motives suggest; it is therefore unreasonable to expect that he will listen to man from better motives, or give the faithful Missionary credit for more disinterestedness than he feels in his own breast. Consequently, the more condescension, (if

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we may use the word) kindness, and equality, we endeavor to show, the more we appear to be despised by them, and suspected of mere duplicity; while the last mentioned source of obstacles shuts us out of their houses, excludes us from that familiarity which is so desirable, if not essential, to the communication of a knowledge of the love of Christ, withholds their dear little ones from our immediate tuition, and, if we were to look no farther than human probability, excludes the hope of being at all useful to this benighted people. This, my dear Sir, you will think, is a gloomy picture; but, doubtless, you have reviewed it many times, and have as frequently seen and felt its gloom removed by the faithful promises of an almighty and unchanging God. For my own part, and I trust on the part of my Sutton also, I can say, our hope is in God, and our expectation from him; and, dark as are the prospects for the present, we still hope that he will condescend to glorify himself among the heathen by his unworthiest creatures, that the excellency of the power may be seen, felt, and acknowledged to be of him. I feel that this would be an unspeakable honor, but how far such a feeling, if gratified, would consist

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with a willingness to be any thing, or nothing, that God might be glorified, my treacherous heart cannot decide; our constant petition must therefore be, 'Thy will be done.' O! the unspeakable privilege of being permitted to cast our care upon him, and invited to commit our way unto him, assured that he will direct our path."

Missionaries on their first arrival in Indi are very incompetent to form a correct opinion as to the state of the heathen, and the best modes of conducting missionary operations. Many of the plans which they had formed in Christian countries, they find to be entirely impracticable, and many of their fondest anticipations are exposed to bitter disappointment. The whole face of society is at the very antipodes of what it is in their native land; while ignorance of the language prevents that intercourse with the natives, which might serve to correct their views. From these considerations, we think that all communications from novices in missionary labor should be received with caution. Many of our accounts of foreign countries, are written by those who have merely made a hasty

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tour through the land, or perhaps have only made a voyage to one or two of the principal sea-ports. From such works we may indeed gather some general acquaintance respecting the countries on which they treat, but it is obvious that the acquaintance of the authors being so very superficial, must expose them to the liability, at least, of many mistakes. These remarks, are as applicable to the accounts of Missionary labor as to any other. Much confusion and contradictory statement has doubtless arisen from this source. It should, however, be remarked, respecting India, and many other large countries, that there is so much variety to be found in different sections of the country, that what is true of one place, and one portion of the people, is entirely inapplicable to other places and persons.

The subject of these memoirs has once or twice expressed her disappointment arising from the state of Hindoo society, and the general character of missionary labor, so far as females are concerned. Had she, however, been permitted to live a few years longer, she would have found that many of the obstacles which then presented them-

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selves, would be gradually removed, and while some of the doors of usefulness which she had anticipated were still closed, others of perhaps still greater usefulness would be thrown open. At the time of her arrival in India, and for several years afterwards, the Orissa Missionaries had not been cheered with a single convert. Now there is at the Cuttack station alone from 40 to 50, most of whom are heads of families. Two native preachers have been publicly ordained; native schools have been established to a great extent, the native Christians are intermarrying among themselves, and a considerable colony of baptized and nominal Christians is growing up. The general aspect of the mission has become very promising, and would, to one glowing with a concern like Mrs. Sutton's to do good, present a delightful field of usefulness. The writer would not be unmindful of his beloved colleagues in India, who have with so much diligence and success labored in this field: still there is room for many laborers of similar characters and qualifications.

Boy's schools, and in many places girl's also, may now be established in India, to an

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indefinite extent, and the writer would suggest to those individuals whom Providence has placed in independent circumstances, whether it be not their privilege to go out to India, and take the superintendence of these schools. Persons who have property sufficient to support themselves, and who have no children, would find this a field of labor where they might do much to advance the kingdom of Christ.

The expense of these schools, is comparatively trifling. A considerable portion of this expense might be obtained from the friends of native education in India; the books would be partly, if not entirely, furnished by institutions established for this purpose in India. What is chiefly wanted is superintendents. Had we these, the whole country might soon be brought under Christian instruction.

The labor of a missionary, consists in preparing and translating tracts and the scriptures, in distributing them, in establishing and occasionally superintending schools, and especially in preaching the Gospel to those who call at his house, or in the native chapel, bazaar, and at the numerous festivals which usually call together a large assembly of peo-

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ple. The principal labor of the female missionary is, at present, the daily superintendence of the schools, and to help forward in the Christian life, the native female convert.

While it is still the case, that the state of Hindoo society prevents access to the houses of the people, yet there are many ways by which an intelligent enterprizing female, whose heart glows with a desire to do good, and who is enriched with suitable gifts, might find means of making known the Gospel to Hindoo women. At the female schools, the mothers of the children frequently attend as spectators, and in the country places, this is the case in the boys' schools. In some, perhaps many cases, a female missionary might gain access to the court-yards of Hindoo houses, and collect a considerable congregation of the neighboring women. While at many of the large festivals, an assembly of native women might be collected in a tent specially devoted to that purpose. The writer feels persuaded, that many females whom he has seen in America, might thus make known the Gospel to a very considerable extent among the degraded females of India. But this is work from which the cus-

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toms of Hindoo society exclude male missionaries. Women are very seldom seen in our congregations in the bazaar, or the native chapel; nor are they permitted to be present at the conversational parties of the men. The only prospect of their having the Gospel, is from such laborers as have been referred to, or from what their husbands and relatives choose to tell them, on their return to their houses from our preaching opportunities.

Charlotte Sutton was eminently qualified to be the instructress and benefactress of her benighted sisters in Orissa. She looked forward to the time, when she should engage in active labors for their benefit, with the most intense and holy ardor. Doubtless, had she been spared, she would have entered with avidity into the modes of making known the Gospel to the females of India, as above suggested. God had otherwise determined respecting her, and the field is now still clearer and wider for those on whom her mantle may fall, to enter and cultivate. Happy, happy day for India, when her now ignorant and superstitious and degraded daughters shall receive and embrace that life-giving, enlightening and ennobling Gospel, which the

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Saviour has commissioned his disciples to make known to every creature. Surely our Christian sisters have not yet done all their duty, all that they can do, and will do towards bringing the Gospel home to the houses and hearts of the female Hindoo.

But we must hasten on to the close of these memoirs of Mrs. Sutton. The following note is perhaps the last my beloved wife ever penned; it was written to Mrs. Marshman, of Serampore—and printed in the "Friend of India." The Editor, after speaking very highly of her qualifications as a missionary, and her piety, proceeds—

"A note received from Mrs. Sutton herself, after her arrival at Cuttack, confirms this view of her case, while it fully shows the pious and happy state of her mind. After affectionately acknowledging the little attentions she had received, she proceeds—'But this acknowledgment will not, I am pretty sure, be sufficient to satisfy your kind concern for my safety; and, blessed be God, his constant care and continual goodness enable me to add, all is well! Yes, my health and spirits remain unimpaired by our much-dreaded journey; and, except a little fatigue

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and soreness from the constant shake of the palanquin, no ill consequence has ensued. Our dear brother and sister Bampton arrived here yesterday, to our great joy; and I assure you, we received from them a hearty welcome. We expect to be stationed with them at Pooree, brethren P. and L. being here. This arrangement will secure our friends at Serampore and Calcutta a tolerable share in our recollection; for, I suppose, many things must necessarily be obtained by their kind assistance. This selfish necessity may sometimes occasion you and our other friends a line or two, which article, you will remember, I should hesitate to promise from any superior motive. But, to be serious, my dear friend, if there was not one subject on which the Christian could speak with pleasure, and dwell without exhausting, I know not what could be a source of communication in this unproductive clime. We could not tell of this and that heathen having cast his idols to the moles and to the bats. No, we must wait for this. But there is one subject which even now calls for our united recollection, our fervent gratitude and humility; I mean the *love of God in Christ Jesus.* This,

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my dear sister, is bestowed upon us in such an endless variety of ways, and so constantly, that we are apt to lose sight of it. Nay, even while we are professing to receive blessings as from the mercy and goodness of God, we lose sight of the channel through which they are conveyed, namely, our adorable Redeemer. I have felt much pleasure from the force of this truth:—'They that trust in the Lord, shall be as mount Sion, which cannot be moved.' Blessed be his name, he enables us to trust in him."

"My dear brother P——,

"Little did my Charlotte think, while penning these lines, that severe affliction would render her incapable of finishing your letter. But that gracious Being, who has always shown himself, to us especially, too wise to be mistaken, and too good to be unkind, sees fit that it should be so.

"Again, my dear brother, I resume my pen to finish this epistle, but what shall I say? When I began the above lines, a few days ago, little did I think that ere I concluded this letter, my dear, my beloved, my amiable Charlotte would be no more. It was but the

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day before she died, I determined on letting you know of her illness; but I had not then the least conception that her disorder would prove fatal; but now, before this reaches you, your friendly heart will have sympathized with her bereaved partner, and your eye will have dropt the tear of affection over the memory of my happy Charlotte. I will not complain: the Lord gave her to me, and in mercy he has taken her away. He has done me no wrong; she was his much more than mine: hush, then, my distracted passions! it is the Lord, let him do what he will with his own. O! Sir, if I were to think of my loss alone, it would sink me to the grave. She was the wife of my youth, the delight of my eyes: we seemed formed for each other; we loved each other with the most ardent affection; our days seemed to pass away and leave us every evening still more attached. But we were too happy—we long had thought we were too happy for earth.—Our sky was too fair to remain long unclouded; and, for the last two months especially, we both anticipated some heavy trial, and prepared our minds for it; but little did I expect so severe a stroke as this: yet, from the prospect of my

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Charlotte becoming a mother, she had had a foreboding that it would prove the means of her removal, and she often wished to talk upon the subject, but I could not bear the idea, and always discouraged it. Yet when we did contemplate the event as possible, she always expressed herself with singular confidence that God would do every thing well.

"Her spiritual enjoyments were often of a very elevated description; notwithstanding her situation, and our circumstances on board ship were far from being favorable to spirituality of mind, and our being often deprived of each other's help in spiritual exercises, yet when we could unite, her mind has often been so much under the influence of heavenly feelings, especially when contemplating the love and glory of Christ, that we have lain awake nearly the whole of the night. Dear departed saint, she was prepared for heaven. Her love was too ardent to be long away from the Lord she loved. Oh how sweet is the memory of those precious seasons! I feel their influence now; and feel fresh desires to be with her, to renew our delightful subject in heaven.

"My Charlotte was far from being an or-

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dinary Christian. Of her desire to do good, and devotedness to the work in which she was engaged, it may be sufficient to extract a passage from a letter, sent for her since her death, by Mrs. B——, a lady distinguished in India by her rank, piety, and active benevolence. You will remember she was a passenger from the Cape. She writes,—'I often think of the earnest, simple spirit of devotedness to your work, which appeared to animate you on board ship, and I do hope you will favor me occasionally with some account of your progress in your most arduous undertaking; and may that blessing rest on your labors, which can alone render them productive of the good you so anxiously desire to be the instrument of conveying to the souls of your fellow-creatures.'

"That good, perhaps, may be accomplished by her death, which, in her life, she was not permitted to see. Harriet Newell, though dead, yet speaketh; and so will my Charlotte wherever her living voice was heard.

"On the 4th of April, she was safely delivered of a fine healthy babe. All went on very well till the 12th, when she sat up a greater part of the day. (This is not prema-

ture in Indi The native women often stand up to their neck in water the third day, owing to the climate.) On that day, our first letter arrived from England. It was from Wolvey; and the hopes it excited in behalf of some dear members of the family having become acquainted with the Saviour, were too much for her weak state of body. Her spirits were raised too high. She sang, and prayed, and praised; for her mind was very spiritual. In the evening she unthinkingly opened a drawer, to get something for the baby: it injured her, and alarmed her very much. This was followed by hysteric fits, accompanied by derangement: she was very violent all night. Before she quite lost her senses, she exhorted us all, with amazing fervor, to self-denial, devotedness, and affection towards each other. She repeated, with great earnestness, 'Let the world know I do not regret my choice!' and, during the night, she evinced great anxiety for the salvation of her family and connections. The subject of the letter dwelt repeatedly on her lips; and often she would exclaim, with delight, 'My dear S—— is become a Christian!' &c. &c. She talked a good deal about J—— F——, and said she

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should see him in heaven with brother P——. On one occasion, when we thought she was dying, she laid herself straight on the bed, and bid us all farewell. It was more than I could bear; and I exclaimed, 'My Charlotte! my Charlotte! I cannot spare you yet!' But she seemed hurt at what I said, and replied, 'My Sutton, are you not a Christian?' The next day, she was better; and the Doctor assured us she was not in the least danger; the complaint was very common in India, and never fatal. On Friday she was sensible for some hours, and we had the most delightful season I ever remember; she seemed just returned from heaven with all its happiness. We never had such a delightful day, and on my telling her, I could cheerfully part with her, if the Lord should see fit to take her, the last tie to earth seemed removed, and we prayed, and wept, and rejoiced, and parted till we should meet in eternity. We both felt so much swallowed up in God, that death appeared the most welcome event of which we could conceive. She said she thought the Holy Spirit had been explaining Scripture to her mind, from one end to the other. She never saw it so clearly, and fully, and encouraging in her life.

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"On Sunday she was again sensible, and so much better, that I was enabled to leave her to preach at the Baptism; but she sunk again, though we still thought her gradually recovering. She used to sit up in bed and sing so cheerfully, you would have thought her the happiest being on earth, though quite deranged.

"On the 1st of May, we removed her to Pooree, for the benefit of the Doctor's attendance, milder climate, and sea bathing. For a time she seemed to revive, and we thought her so much better, that I prepared our bungalow, and hoped to remove very soon into it. But, alas, I little contemplated so severe a change: she had been much more composed for two or three days, and we thought it favorable; but, alas, it was a treacherous calm. On Saturday, I began to finish the annexed letter, thinking to tell you she was recovering; but the next day, saw all my hopes wither away.

"On Sunday morning, about five o'clock, as we were preparing to bathe her, we found her very low and poorly. I wrote a note to the Doctor, and he came before six o'clock, but she got much worse: he gave her seve-

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ral stimulants, which revived her, and she ate some sago; but still she sunk again, her hands and feet grew cold and clammy. About ten o'clock the Doctor lost all hope, and communicated the sad news to me. I will not dwell upon my feelings; she still ate sago, and took camphor mixture very freely, but continued to sink, and seemed inclined to sleep; at intervals she seemed quite sensible: she knew Doctor Stevin and called him by name, and all of us. At half-past eleven she inquired the time. Soon after brother Bampton asked if she trusted in Jesus Christ; she replied hastily, 'To be sure I do!' About four she said, 'The Lord has made peace for us!' or, 'Has the Lord made peace for us?' she now appeared gradually to lose her hold on time. About five she turned to me with a sweet smile and said, 'My Sutton, I am beautifully happy!' I inquired what made her so happy; but reason fled again, and she spoke no more that we could understand. At eleven o'clock I perceived a change, and called to brother and sister Bampton, who had just left me. She sunk very fast; a few minutes before half past eleven, she turned to me and smiled; I called

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to her to speak to me once more, but she could not. At half-past eleven she turned her eyes away, and breathed her last, so gently that we could not tell for a minute that she was gone—she left a smile on her countenance, beautifully and strikingly illustrative of her happiness. Thus peacefully died my Charlotte, and the next day hid her from my eyes forever. O that our end may be as blest as hers! Brother Bampton officiated at the grave.

"Although the burning sands of Poorce cover the dear remains of my Charlotte, yet her spirit is not there. No; it is with the Lord she loved. She is happy, infinitely happier than earth could make her. She was prepared for heaven: it was noticed by many, especially in Calcutta. Then why should I complain? Her living voice still seems to say, Weep not for me. Why should you weep? I have finished my course; I have obtained the crown. I cannot come to you, but you will come to me: in a very little while, the day of life will close, and you too will be called to come up hither to be with Jesus. Blessed hope! It cheers even now, this aching heart,—it smooths this care-worn

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brow,—it is enough, O Lord, only glorify thy name, and I will praise the hand that took my love away. I cannot add more.

A. SUTTON."

While o'er the faithful dead we mourn,
The angel guards attend;
Soft, on their downy pinions borne,
Their upward course they bend.

Sweet, as to heaven they haste away,
The new-born spirits sing
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Wide open flies the pearly gates,
At God's high signal given;
While all the blest fore-runners wait,
To welcome them to heaven.

Hark! what enraptur'd melody
Bursts on my ravish'd ear;
Another soul is saved, they cry,
Another crown prepare.

Now—now the ransomed myriads throng,
Their Saviour to adore;
They join the new—the holy song,
The song, that ends no more.

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The following brief observations on the state of her mind, are extracted from her diary: they are the last the beloved writer was permitted to record. They were written under much indisposition of body, amidst the cares and anxieties necessarily connected with our arrival in India, and travelling from place to place. The last sentence recorded here is probably the last she ever penned, viz. "Lord! raise me from earth to heaven."

Feb. 19, 1825. Landed on the shore of India at the house of a dear good lady (Mrs. B.) Found myself surrounded with grandeur, and contrasted our circumstances with those of many, more worthy than ourselves, who have preceded us. Felt some degree of gratitude; enjoyed sweet freedom at a throne of grace, and was enabled to plead for grace to preserve me from every improper wish and gratification.

Sabbath morning. Went to Calcutta, and heard Brother Lawson preach, but enjoyed very little spirituality of soul. In the evening my S. addressed us from "the Lord is good," &c.; it was a sweet season, and my heart replied, I know,—I feel he is.

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21. Left the hospitable roof of our dear friend, somewhat disturbed in mind from trifling causes, and wordly-mindedness.* In the evening spoke to Sister P—— of the way in which the Lord had led us; but my wretched heart felt more complacency in itself, than gratitude to God. Oh the wonderful patience of my God.

22. Went down to Serampore, fatigued in body and somewhat fretful in mind, a sure consequence of minding earthly things while so graciously invited to set our affections on things above.

23. Visited good Dr. Carey. Felt thankful that God had permitted me to enjoy this much wished for-favor. Found him in excellent spirits, and trusting in God to accomplish wonders in Indi (Dr. Carey seemed to feel a very peculiar interest in Mrs. Sutton.)

24, 25, 26. Still at Serampore, found friends exceedingly kind, but had no opportunity of holding sweet counsel with any one on the best of things.

27. Heard a dear native convert preach

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* The bed-room had been broken into, and robbed during the night.

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to, and pray with, his swarthy brethren. I felt inexpressible sensations, in taking one and the other of those by the hand, who had been brought out of heathen darkness into the light of the Gospel. Though our words were unintelligible to each other, our hearts were not. I rejoiced in the hope of meeting them above, where we shall unite in one song with Him, who has loved us and washed us in his own blood.

30. Talked much of the care of a gracious God with regard to our anticipated journey, but felt very little. I sometimes wonder that such hypocrisy is not visited with hot displeasure; but it is because his compassions fail not, that I am not consumed.

March. 1 to 7. Blest with journeying mercies; but my soul very dead towards my God and Saviour.

8. Brother Lacey kindly met us at Belasore, 100 miles from Cuttack. Here we rested for a day, but we regretted much that no opportunity offered of uniting to praise the Lord for his goodness.

10. Halted at a bungalow, a small thatched house for the accommodation of travellers. We prayed, and sung praises to God. Bro.

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Lacey addressed the Palkee bearers in Orissa: they listened attentively. My heart rejoiced that his tongue was so soon unloosed among the heathen.

12. Beheld our beloved Brethren and Sisters at their own home, and felt somewhat discouraged by their accounts of the state of the heathen, which appeared almost to exclude the possibility of being useful.

13, 14. Blessed be the God of mercies, was enabled to spread my complaints before him. I felt refreshed as a giant with new wine, and could cheerfully say, "Thy will be done; only glorify thyself."

21. My frail body is a source of trouble, but the Lord has granted me sweet serenity of mind—for this I desire to feel thankful.

24. Feel the risings of pride to be most abominable. Oh, if my dear sisters could see my vile heart, they would, instead of receiving me with the smile of affection, detest and hate me.

27. A continuance of this diabolical feeling. Thus, if my Lord indulge me with a portion of his good spirit, my vile heart takes occasion therefrom for spiritual pride, and I

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am saying to others, 'Stand by; I am holier than thou.'

30. Enjoyed some liberty in prayer, but find my first petition must be—Lord, make my soul sincere.

April 2. Feel less disposition to pray and meditate on the words of my God. I am living the life of an unawakened soul.

3. Unable to attend Brother Peggs, (at whose house our English worship is held on the sabbath.) But alas! I feel but little wish for it, although it is the first time since our arrival, that our brethren and sisters have met, to commemorate the love of our dear Redeemer. "Oh my Saviour! why this deadness? Why this stupidity of soul? Why no more longings after thy presence, and a sense of thy love? Oh, be with them assembled around thy table: may they be refreshed, and may thy unworthy worm be humbled in the dust before thee. Lord raise me from earth to heaven."

Such is the last record from the pen of Charlotte Sutton. Precious memorial of her faith and love! Her complaints of heaviness may be at once accounted for, when it is observed, that the hour of nature's sorrow

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had even then commenced with her. That hour was long and trying, but before the light of another morning she had passed it, to all appearance, in perfect safety. The child too was well, and gratitude, fervent gratitude to God, warmed the heart of both Charlotte and her husband. Will the reader pardon the insertion of a private record of the writer's feelings, which he never expected would be perused by any other eye than his own.

Monday, 4th. "Bless the Lord oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. After a distressing night, my dear wife, being in trouble upwards of 20 hours, was safely delivered of a healthy boy, and both are likely to do admirably. How can I praise my Lord for this deliverance? my faith began to sink, but thou didst not forsake me, nor her. How shocking to my whole frame was the contemplation of a dying wife! I could not endure it, and God has had mercy on me. Now, O Lord, may my dear Charlotte become more decidedly thine, and may the little one thou hast given us, be sanctified from his birth, and become a child of Jesus. Thou knowest it is the height of our desires for him, that he may be employed

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for thee, and that when our frail bodies are in the dust, he may be spreading the glorious Gospel of the Saviour among the deluded inhabitants of Hindoosthan.*

5. This evening our dear Brother and Sister Bampton left us for their station at Pooree. The thought steals across my mind, that after a few more meetings and partings we shall meet to part no more.

> "When shall the time, dear Lord, appear,
> That we shall mount to dwell above;
> And sit, and stand, among them there,
> And see thy face, and sing thy love."

Oh for more watchfulness, for, in Orissa especially, the son of man cometh when we think not."

Little did the writer of these remarks think how prophetic they were, in relation to the dearest object of his earthly love. But such was the will of an all-wise God. He had given her the desire of her heart in permitting her to land on heathen shores, and now he was about to call her to himself. Her last prayer was about to be answered, in his removing her from "earth to heaven." No

* The child died between 5 and 6 months after its mother.

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language can describe the disappointment which that removal occasioned, not only to her bereaved partner, but to her beloved associates in missionary labor. We had hoped much from her. Perhaps never did a female enter India, apparently so well qualified to benefit her degraded sex, in that unhappy land. But God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. We may indeed say under such afflictive dispensations, (our Saviour has taught us to do so,) O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; but, we should also add,—nevertheless, not my will but thine be done. His will is always best. Infinite wisdom cannot err, nor unbounded goodness be unkind. Our gracious Lord is infinitely more concerned for our welfare, and for the welfare of his cause, than we can be. In the most emphatic sense he watches over the tenderlings of his flock for good, and 'tempers the blast to the shorn lamb.' What base ingratitude then to distrust his tender care, or arraign the dealings of his providence.

"Hush every angry passion, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And without murmurs die."

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The day on which she departed was the 15th of May. It was, as may have been observed, the Sabbath; though, from her peculiarly afflictive situation, it was in a great degree a Sabbath of gloom: but how bright is that eternal Sabbath, which now shines upon her sainted spirit! And though amidst the idolatrous desolations of Pooree her mortal remains were left to moulder in the dust, yet from that dust will she arise:—

"That cheek shall wear a fairer hue
When risen from the yielding sod;
Those eyes shall speak, in softer blue,
Love, in the Paradise of God."

Short as was the period of Mrs. Sutton's sojourn in India, yet her worth was highly appreciated there. A Baptist brother at Calcutta observed—

"I assure you we have very seldom indeed seen a female, in our view, more adapted for usefulness in this country than Mrs. S——, and we felt towards her, and her husband, the highest regard and esteem. We therefore affectionately sympathize with you in the loss you have sustained—a loss, we feel, to the general interests of Christianity in this country. But he who knows best, and feels

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most deeply, the necessities of his Church, has removed her; and we humbly hope, he will raise up many more with equal zeal, affection, activity, and faith, to supply her place."

Mr. Peggs, in a letter recently addressed to the writer, remarks,—

"I trust I shall never forget Lord's-day, March the 13th, when our mission family were at my house, and we had worship at noon in my study. There were brother and sister Bampton, brother and sister Lacey, brother and sister Sutton, Sunder, Abraham, and Mrs. Peggs, and myself. That dear woman, whose early death we lament, was much interested with this interview; I well recollect her attention to poor Abraham, and the very important advice she gave him— not to be unequally yoked with an unbelieving wife.

"In Orissa and Bengal, the memory of our valued sister is 'as ointment poured forth.' There was a vivacity, activity, sweetness, simplicity and piety in her, that were very pleasing. On arriving at Serampore in August, 1825, I heard her spoken of in terms of much respect, and her death was greatly re-

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gretted. I know the spot near the detested temple of Juggernaut, where the first martyr to our Mission is. But I correct myself; my first-born was the first martyr, and Cuttack our first station in Orissa, the spot where we first took possession of that land of our inheritance. Our beloved sister has not lived nor died in vain. The cause of Missions is endeared, when embalmed by the martyrdom of departed friends; and shall this cause decline in our estimation, affection and support? Visit the sandy grave of departed friends in the Mission field, and think, Has life been laid down in this cause? For this cause have Apostles, Confessors, and 'the noble army of martyrs' labored and 'resisted unto blood;' yea, has 'the Captain of our salvation' 'poured out his soul unto death:' and shall I 'sit still,' and not go up 'to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty?' What pious heart, what zealous mind, but must exclaim, as respects the promotion of the cause of Christ, both at home and abroad, 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I

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prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.' Ps. cxxxvii. 5, 6. O may the great Head of the Church, who watches the ashes of his saints, 'till all that dust shall rise,' when he looks down upon the ashes of our sister, entombed near the Temple of Juggernaut—blast the system of Idolatry pursued within its walls—banish British support of its cruelties and obscenities, and, in the morning of the resurrection, give our dear sister to arise, amidst myriads of believing Oreahs; whose eyes have seen, in successive ages, the desolations of that horrid shrine of idolatry—

'O'er which the plough hath pass'd, and weeds have grown.'"

It is not unlikely that this brief memoir of the amiable and pious Charlotte Sutton may excite in the minds of the readers some such reflections as the following:—How mysterious it seems that one so well qualified for extensive usefulness, should be removed just as she was entering upon her work, especially as there are so few well qualified laborers in the vast heathen field. And then, how sad that one so young, so lovely, so pious, should be cut off in the very morning of her days; and perhaps sympathy for the bereaved hus-

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band, may induce the further thought, how desolate, and smitten, and blighted his blooming hopes and prospects must have been. On such reflections as these, the writer wishes to offer a few observations.

He acknowledges that all this is perfectly natural, and what has occupied his mind, perhaps a thousand times; but he begins to see that such thoughts are far too superficial. God, he believes, intends to teach us some useful lessons, as well as administer wholesome rebuke in these afflictive dispensations. He intends to make us feel our entire dependance on him; that he governs and will govern, and that great and glorious effects on immortal minds, are not to be brought about, just when and how, and by whom men please. At the same time, by such events as these, he speaks to our cold and lifeless souls, in a way that obliges us to regard him. God will employ effectual measures to awaken his people to duty; and if those already employed will not suffice, he will go yet farther, and call louder and louder, and strike harder and harder, until we hear and obey.

1st. As it respects the removal of promising laborers from the field, when the number is

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so small,—he would remark that this appears to be God's way of obtaining more. I know this seems paradoxical; but this is not the only paradox connected with the salvation of souls, to say nothing now about the fact, that in all religious matters, before we can rise high, we must be brought low; before we can become strong, we must become weak. I would say, Look at the fact of sending missionaries abroad, being conducive to the spread of the Gospel at home! And yet it is an undeniable fact, that the more money, and men, and labor we expend on foreign missions, the more our own churches flourish and increase in numbers and piety. But how, it will be asked, does the removal of our most promising laborers tend to procure more? I answer that as to the case already mentioned, we have the facts to prove that it is so, whether we can explain how it is so, or not. This much, however, we can easily see, that whenever a faithful, zealous, well qualified laborer goes forth, he exerts a happy influence wherever he goes, he excites some attention to the great work; but when such a man or woman is removed it excites a vast deal more, it awakens thought, and feeling and effort.

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Mr. Skinner, a Baptist missionary on the coast of Africa, died, and his wife and child, all in a few days. As soon as the news arrived, his father offered to go and occupy his son's post, and he is gone, and several others are about to follow in consequence.

Harriet Newell was a kindred spirit to Charlotte Sutton,—they often have been, and probably often will be mentioned together. Young and pious, and eminently qualified as she was, she did not live even to enter upon missionary ground. But was Harriet Newell's life lost to the cause of missions? No, she has been the mother of a large family of missionaries, and she has breathed her quickening spirit on thousands of souls, who are helping on the work throughout the whole Christian world. And similar doubtless, will be the happy influence of the life and death of Charlotte Sutton. That influence already begins to be exerted and felt upon India.

A second reflection as likely to arise in the mind of the reader is, "How sad, that one so young, so lovely, so pious, should be cut off in the morning of her days." It is sad, it is awful, but it is also an exemplification of Divine truth, that all flesh is grass, and the

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goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. And this is calculated to operate most beneficially on the thoughtless souls of men. It is fitted to bring sinful neglectors of their souls to attend to them. And this has been done by the death of the beloved subject of these memoirs. The writer has, in his own family, had the happiness of baptizing, since his return, two of the sisters of Charlotte, and his brother, the husband of one of them, his father and mother, and her father and mother; and several others, that he has become acquainted with, have been much blessed in their souls since her death. In this view, her death is an incalculable blessing.

But in the removal of such a lovely character from the stage of life in the beginning of their days, there is another most important end accomplished. It is that of setting Christians to work while it is called to-day. We are naturally indolent creatures, and Christians especially, exhibit unutterable folly by their slothfulness and covetousness in the cause of God. But such awakening providences as these, convince them it is time to be up and doing,—that what they do they must do quick-

ly. If such well qualified laborers as we refer to, were permitted to live to a good old age, then death would be expected as a thing of course; and instead of stimulating to action, it would tend to lull them to sleep on the sluggard's couch.

Then again, as it respects the dear departed objects of our love and admiration; if these observations be correct, it is not so hard a lot for them as our murmurings would imply. God has thus answered their prayers, and wishes, and exertions to be useful. And if their exalted piety fitted them for heavenly blessedness, our thoughts of that blessedness must be low and grovelling indeed, if we do not think that to die is gain. "If ye love me," said the Redeemer, "ye would rejoice because I said I go to my Father." And surely if we viewed the matter aright, we should do so with respect to the pious objects of our tenderest affection.

But it was also observed, that as a third reflection, the reader of these memoirs, might, in his sympathy for the bereaved husband and motherless babe, advert to his withered heart; and the sad wreck which had been made of his fondest hopes and brightest prospects.

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Ah! this is touching a chord, which vibrates through his inmost soul. No language can describe the deep-rooted agony of his heart. But the writer does not wish to re-open those sources of sorrow. We may, however, remark that God has not placed us in this world merely that we may luxuriate in the sweet society of his creatures. No, he intends to fit us, if we are his, for higher, nobler, never-ending pleasures in his immediate presence, and where too, these sweet sharers of our bliss on earth, shall be ours forever. The writer can see mercy, unspeakable mercy, as well as chastisement, in this visitation from his hand.

The babe was too young to feel its loss. Never can the writer forget his anxious feelings when carrying his infant in his arms, through that dreary night, when the mother was removed to Pooree, and also on another similar occasion after her death. Ye youthful parents! you will best conceive what fearful forebodings, as to what might be his future character, and above all his future destiny, occupied his mind; and how earnestly the prayer was put up, that God would make him a child of his. God has heard that prayer,

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and removed the child from the evil to come, to never-ending good.

But perhaps it ought to be added, that while God disappointed the fondest hopes of the writer in one view, he by this very means answered his best prayers, and fulfilled his best desires. It is taken for granted, that every sincere Christian wishes beyond all things else to promote the glory of God. Now, by removing the wife of the writer, he has introduced him to a field of labor, which in all probability he would otherwise never have entered; and thus, if present prospects are realized, have brought a whole section of the Christian church, which has been hitherto entirely inactive, into the missionary vineyard, and furnished a number of laborers for that very province where it was hoped that the subject of these memoirs would have labored. Thus "God is his own interpreter."

Still let us not make an improper use of these remarks. It is true, after all, that it is our sinfulness, and earthliness, and unfaithfulness that makes such procedure necessary on the part of God; and if we would not lose more of our beloved friends, and best qualified laborers, at such an untimely hour of their

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lives, we must avert the calamity, by seeking after higher degrees of holiness, by living more like Christians, by being more liberal, prayerful, and devoted, by being more attentive to God's milder voice; in one word by seeking to "glorify God in our bodies and our spirits which are His."

While we would thus attempt to trace the hand of God, in the removal of the beloved object of these memoirs, from her field of labor, and from her brightening prospects on earth,—let us not overlook the many useful lessons, which her whole character as a Christian might teach us. We especially commend to the attention of the reader, those suggested by the original compiler of this little history.

Here let the young behold the excellence and incalculable worth of early piety. It was religion that rendered Charlotte Sutton what she was,—so amiable in life, so lovely in death. It was religion; the religion of the cross, that enabled her to contemplate with such calm composure the solemn realities of eternity,—which stripped death of its sting, and life of its charm! Under the influence of divine grace she had chosen the

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good part: her hope rested on the atoning Saviour; and she looked forward with desire to the dwellings of endless rest and peace. How different were her feelings, her prospects and her comforts, from theirs who trifle with redeeming love; who have no true piety, and consequently no Saviour; no heavenly Father; no hope but delusion; no eternal home but hell; whose life is vanity, whose death perdition! Blessed was the day that brought her to the Saviour's feet, for then her true happiness for time and eternity began. O let the reader think, Is similar blessedness mine?

Let the Christian behold in this memoir another illustration of the excellence of the Gospel. Compare Charlotte Sutton with the poor benighted Hindoo woman;—the former, while as a pardoned penitent, trusting in Jesus, glowing with a divine love and a holy benevolence, which might burn without disparagement of his excellence in an angel's breast, and following after a purity and holiness of character like that of her exalted Lord; the latter, degraded, debased, a stranger to the sublime feelings of the Gospel, esteeming impurity religion, admiring and

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extolling obscenity in the midst of myriads before her idol's car. The former, in life, peaceful and resigned; in death, if disease forbids triumph, yet safe:—the latter, in life, without one solid hope; in death, agonized by doubt and terrified by fear:—the former, when death is passed, admitted to those regions of holiness, for which atoning blood and sanctifying grace have qualified her happy spirit:—the latter, laden with impurity, idolatry and crime, driven to the world of guilt and woe!—What causes the mighty, the eternal difference? the former knew the Gospel, the latter knows it not—Charlotte Sutton was A CHRISTIAN, the poor Hindoo is an idolater. What a motive is here for diffusing the Gospel! that Gospel so lovely in its triumphs, so glorious in its eternal effects! Let the Christian love the Gospel, and pray for more of her spirit, who, like Newell and Judson, laid down her life in its hallowed cause.

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A friend, who highly esteemed her, has written some elegiac lines on her decease. Perhaps the insertion of them may not be uninteresting.

Dear Christian pilgrim, much beloved, adi
For thou hast left earth's transitory strife,
And far hast soar'd above the ethereal blue,
To blissful mansions of eternal life.

Ah thou art dead! yet what was death to thee!
No king of terrors shrouded with dismay;—
Death was thy guide to immortality,
To thy loved Lord, and heaven's unclouded day.

In thee, religion's lovely charms combin'd;
Her heavenly graces, deck'd thy rising soul;—
Those graces fair, for brighter worlds design'd
O'er thee, display'd in this, their sweet control:—

Charms of immortal growth, whose deathless prime
Attracts, delights, the blest angelic eye;
Whose budding morning was thy span in ti
Whose blooming noon is God's eternity.

Oh thou wast good! in thee, by Heaven inspir'd,
Dwelt Christian sweetness and celestial love;
And glowing hope, by blissful visions fir'd,
And faith that panted onward still to move.

While heavenward moving, loving and belov'd,
Poor India's sorrows pierc'd thy tender heart,
Her moans of misery, which thy pity mov'd,
Bade thee from country, friends, and kindred part.

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Serenely leaving England's joys behind,
Careless of death, prepar'd for grief and pain;
Far didst thou go, to bless poor lost mankind;—
To thee to live was Christ, to die was gain.

Where Jugunnatha's victims rave and di ,
Thy pulse grew still, thy ransom'd spirit fled;
Perhaps the first, that through the azure sky,
Ascended from that desert of the dead.

Ah! thou art gone! yet not for ever gone,
Dear saint, to us, by God in kindness given;
Not lost, though from thy lov'd connections torn,
But gone to join far happier friends in heaven.

No more shall sickness blast thy lovely bloom;
No more shall death sit pallid on thy brow,
Unfading glories, thy dear form illume;
From earth remov'd, thou art an angel now.

No burning tear shall linger on thy cheek,
No sigh disturb the raptures of thy soul,
No voice to thee in sorrow's accents speak,
No sunbeams scotch, no tempests round thee roll.

Oh do we dream, or art thou gone indeed!
Could none Immanuel's faithful follower save!
Ah! is our Charlotte number'd with the dead!
Has she become the prisoner of the grave!

Alas! she has: yet then her heaven-born soul,
For nobler scenes, for endless scenes design'd,
Soar'd where no years a wasting torrent roll,
And left its mould'ring tenement behind.

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Left it a moment—Hark! The Archangel's voice—
The trumpet sounds—Earth's firmest columns bow—
The Judge descends—Captives of death rejoice!
Forsaken grave, where's thy dear pris'ner now!

No more a mould'ring tenant of the tomb,
She meets her Lord, in glory's perfect blaze;
Her Lord conducts his lov'd disciple home,
And wond'ring angels on her beauties gaze.

Dear sainted friend, rest till that blissful morn:
In peace and intermediate glory rest!—
Soon, vast eternity on us will dawn;
Then may we meet in dwellings of the blest!

Let western lands their Harriet* admire,
And her bright graces fire the raptur'd mind;
While we to catch our Charlotte's zeal aspire,
Her life, her death, as pious as resign'd.

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* Mrs. Harriet Newell.

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